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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY ★

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Our Soiled Cities
by W.B.Courtney

See and Believe
a short story by

Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

JAN. 27, 1934

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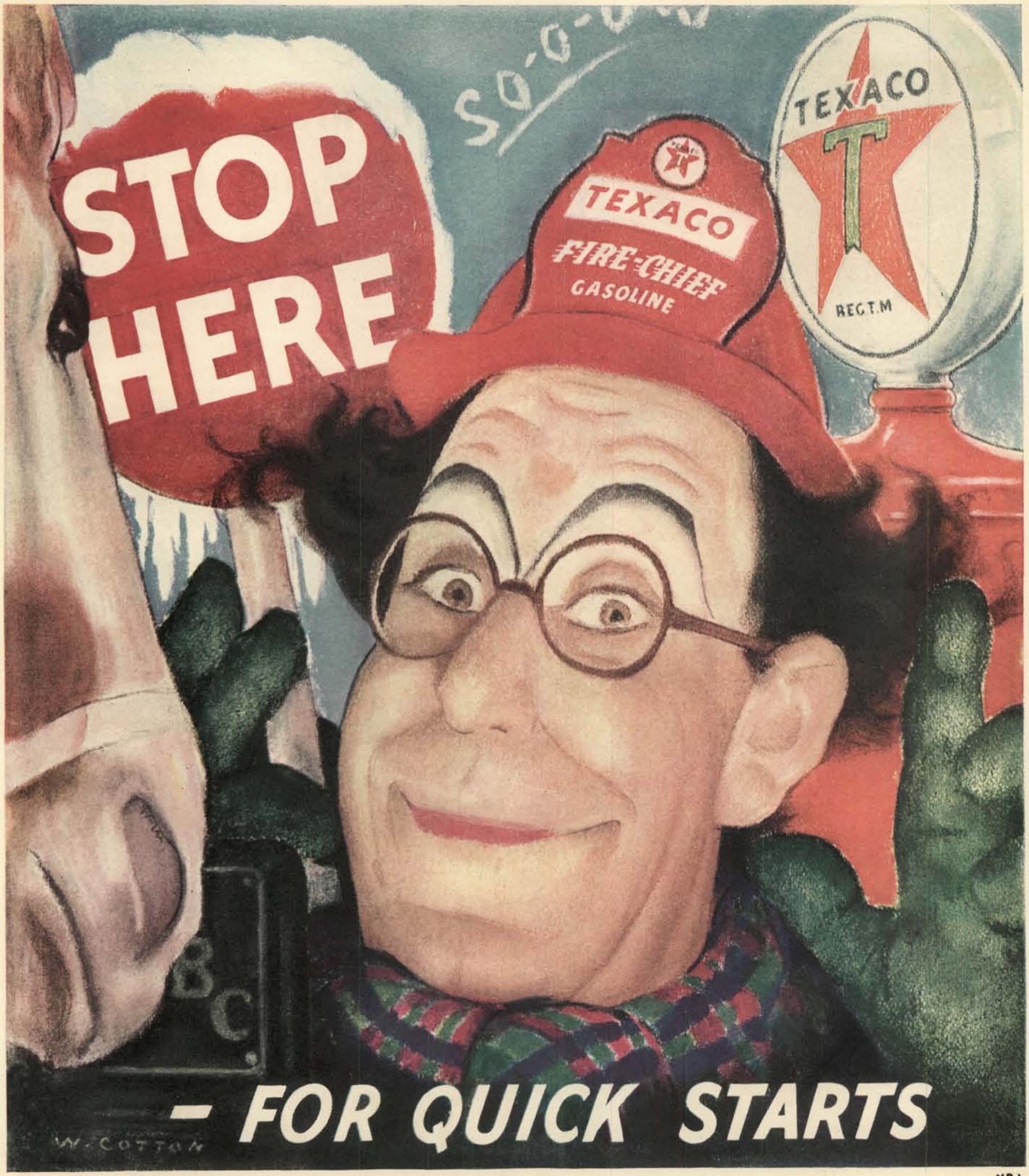

Tune in on ED WYNN, the Fire-Chief, Tuesday Evenings N. B. C.

NRA

a greater **TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF**

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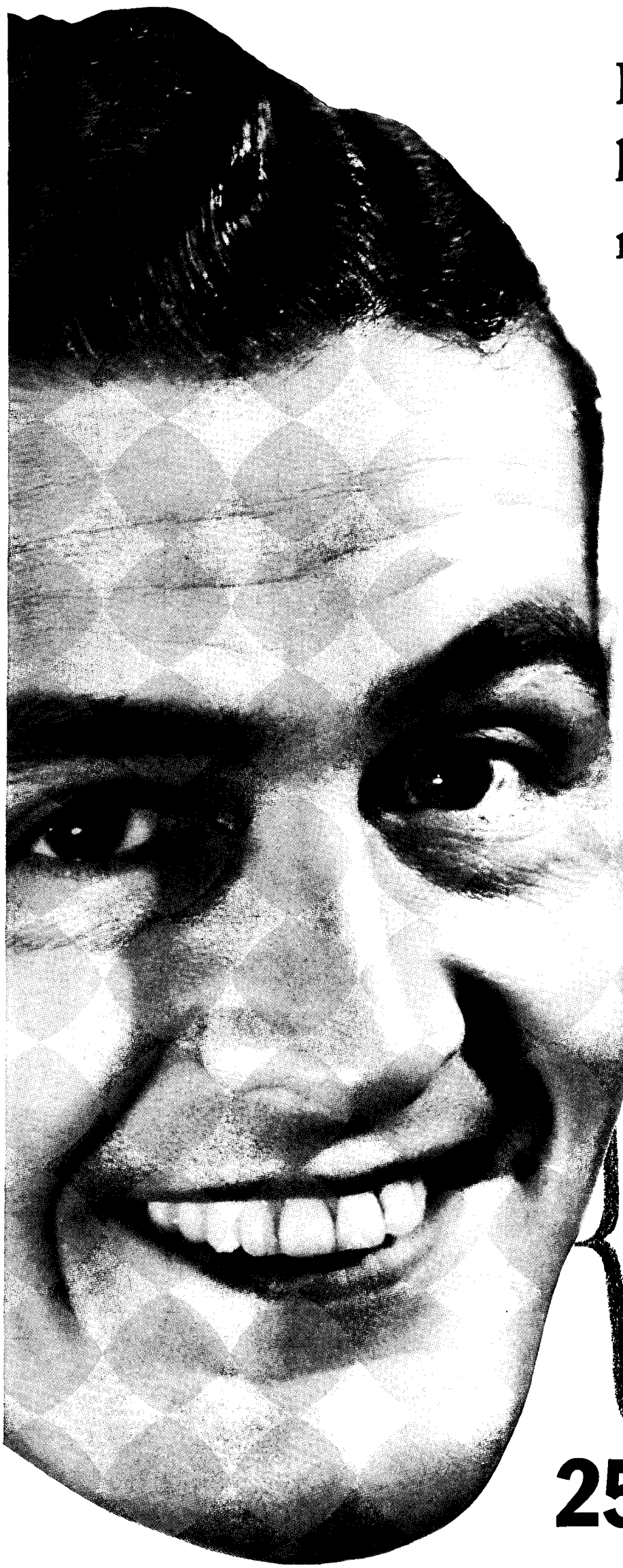

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The results Listerine Tooth Paste brings are worth many times its price—which is *exactly half* what many dentifrices sell for! Give your teeth this better care and spend the difference for other things. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

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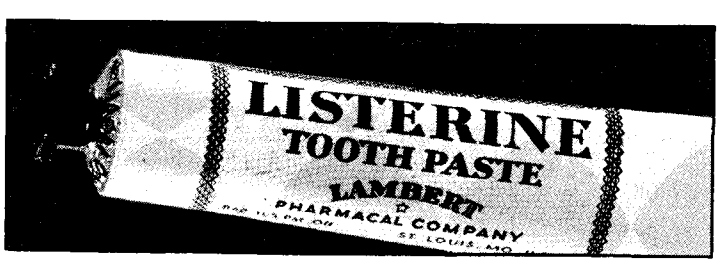

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

ONCE every three years from the very heart of Brazil, from the vast and terrible fastnesses of Matto Grosso, came high fantastic lights that streaked the sky with violet streamers reaching to the stars. So the legend had it.

Ricalde and his sister Deirdre flew there to see. No word of them came back.

Three years later Scaithe and Carmain flew after them—or after Deirdre. They found themselves trapped in a backwater of time, imprisoned in a valley that belonged twenty thousand years ago. They found Deirdre, but they found her the high priestess of a mad, barbaric cult in the ancient city of Atl.

There was only one way to win her and that meant death for them both, win or lose. But Scaithe and Carmain had not traveled back twenty thousand years to be stopped by plumed serpents or by the refined cruelty of an age-old race. R. G. Kirk shows you their heroic combat in "The First Commandment."

AND, speaking of backwaters in time, we have some very genuine but less romantic ones right here. The slums of our cities and towns are perhaps less ancient than Atl, but they are no less out of date; moreover, they're a very expensive luxury that we've got to get rid of. The federal government is taking a hand and slums are on the way out. Sweetness and light are scheduled to take their place—and industry gets a boost while they're doing it. John T. Flynn furnishes the facts.

IT IS well known to one and all that nobody can tell the tale better than "The Lemon Drop Kid," the idea of the tale being that it may cause the citizen who is listening to it to make a wager on the ponies and, if he wins, the citizen is bound to be very grateful. Only sometimes The Lemon Drop Kid does not wager the money that is given to him and this habit leads to a romantic story by Mr. Damon Runyon.

WHEN Ann Copeland submitted to arrest to shield her schoolmate, she wasn't thinking of its effect on her reputation. She wasn't thinking of her name in headlines or of what people would think of it—least of all the two men who loved her. If she could have looked ahead she would have been glad, for it was a "Timely Test." In a dramatic short story of love and loyalty Elmer Davis gives you the result.

GEORGE S. BROOKS writes the Short Short Story. Quentin Reynolds, Ray Tucker, Alan LeMay, George Agnew Chamberlain, Eddie Cantor and David Freedman all crowd in. Making it a bumper issue.

This Week

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January 27, 1934

Cover by Lawson Wood

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
See and Believe. The romance of a boy who did his believing first. Page 7

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Red Desert, by Mary C. McCall, Jr. Page 10

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
The Gong and Dance Man. Max Baer and the good fight. Page 11

W. B. COURTNEY
Our Soiled Cities. You might try holding your breath. Page 12

DWIGHT MITCHELL WILEY
The Way Things Change. One last blonde. Page 14

GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN
Marriage for Revenue, Part VII. Regis gets a bouquet. Page 16

JACLAND MARMUR
The Captain Entertains. Brief heroism. Page 18

ALAN LeMAY
Thunder in the Dust, Part IX. Waiting in the dark. Page 20

RAY TUCKER
The National Air. Washington gayeties. Page 22

EDDIE CANTOR and DAVID FREEDMAN
Ziegfeld and His Follies, Part III. Stars in their courses. Page 24

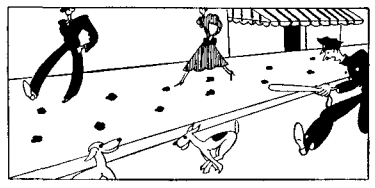
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Meet the facts. Page 29

EDITORIAL
It's Your Money. Page 50

●

Any Week

JUST to get the controversy out of the way, here's an answer to Mr. Ernest Warden's demand to know "what we are going to do about the increasing prevalence of canine footprints on the newly laid concrete sidewalks which are paid for by the taxpayers of the United States." Mr. W. W. McMichael, a neighbor of Mr. Warden's in Wichita, Kansas, says: "We are going to do with the dog tracks just what we will do with the revenue we are not getting from six hundred beer saloons now running openly in Wichita without licenses or taxes of any kind."



WHICH, we hope, closes the discussion. More serious are the things on the mind of Mrs. Lora B. Nayle of St. Louis, Missouri. Says she, with what we suspect is a tinge of regret and misgiving: "I will grant that we didn't lose much when, last November, we hurled a lot of old-time members of Congress out of their seats. But they did know their way around Washington and what the legislative mill was all about even if we didn't benefit much. And now we're paying a lot of new congressmen just to learn the ropes. By the time they find out what makes the wheels go round they'll be back doing what they did when we interrupted them to make them statesmen."

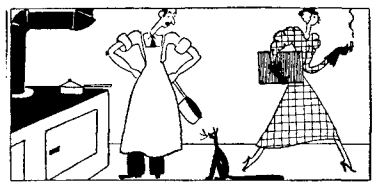
NOT long ago, Mr. Wyatt Thompson of Columbus, Ohio, reports, a few of the Big Minds of the Republican party in that state held a meeting whereat they adopted a resolution which had it: "Resolved that, owing to the widespread interest in what the Republican party intends, a policy committee of twenty-five members be appointed." Immediately, says Mr. Thompson, ten members were appointed "with instructions to complete the committee when and if fifteen more Republicans could be found in the state."

AND Mr. Ivan E. Goodner of Durango, Colorado, president and general manager of La Plata Mountains Gold Mines, Incorporated, protests John T. Flynn's assertion that the gold dollar is measured "by the value of 25.8 grains of gold." Mr. Goodner insists that the dollar contains 23.22 grains of gold, the balance of weight in the coins being copper, to the extent of ten per cent of the total weight, for hardening purposes.

WHICH wouldn't interest Mr. Jere Norlack of St. Paul, Minnesota, at all because Mr. Norlack says "the only thing I know about gold is what my grandpa told me before he died last year. He used to be a prospector and used to be full of fantastic tales about digging the stuff out of the ground. Of course we know different. Gold is something they get out of books on economics and fill teeth with—if you have any teeth."

MR. MORT DOMBRO of Reading, Pennsylvania, didn't bother about writing us. He telegraphed. "My gratitude," snaps he, "for your editorial, 'If You Know a Better Bird.' . . . I just want you to know of another who feels as you do editorially."

MISS MARY B. BASTNER of San Francisco, California, thinks that President Roosevelt "did well when he appointed so many women to important places in his administration." But, she thinks, "the trouble with his efforts to get the householder out of the jam we find ourselves in is that he has turned over the rescue of the American home to men who probably never had any great amount of trouble with household economics. Put a few kitchen-broke housewives on the job in Washington," concludes Miss Bastner, "and we shall get down to facts and discover what the American home really needs."



THE moment he had finished reading the Washington column in his newspaper, Mr. W. H. Dixon of Glendale, California, called his secretary and dictated a letter. It was to us. In that column Mr. Dixon read that "some sensible conservatives are beginning to whisper that perhaps it is just as well to let Roosevelt go ahead." Says Mr. Dixon to us: "Inasmuch as nobody has yet found a way to stop him, plus the fact he seems to know where he is going, it would appear to be an eminently wise decision."

MRS. IRENE D. GOODBODY of Baltimore, Maryland, thinks we "would get tired of answering fault-finders of which there must be a great many because you attack so widely. But I am not a fault-finder. I wish to encourage you. Nobody has the formula which is going to restore prosperity but if you just keep on knocking down hypocrisy justice will return to us by sheer elimination of the unworthy."

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Fight Pneumonia—

It ravages with the speed of a forest fire

PNEUMONIA causes the death of approximately 100,000 people in this country every year. Many of these deaths result because the speed with which it attacks the patient is not matched by promptness of defense.

In rare instances, a person apparently in the best of health is stricken with pneumonia. But usually the disease is contracted by one whose vitality has been lowered by exhaustion or exposure, or who has been dragging himself around for several days through sheer will power or stubbornness, while suffering from a protracted cold.

During the critical stages of an attack of pneumonia the patient's chance of recovery often depends largely upon well-trained, faithful nursing.

There is a serum which is of great assistance in some types of pneumonia. It has helped to save many lives. If your doctor advises its use, have it administered at the earliest possible moment. Time is vital. A fire may be quenched when small, but becomes uncontrollable as a conflagration.

While victory over some diseases can be achieved only by months and sometimes years of patient resistance, the battle against pneumonia is usually won or lost in a comparatively short space of time—sometimes it is a matter of days or merely hours. Meet the speed of pneumonia's attack with greater speed in defense.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, free, its booklet "Just a Cold? Or"—Address Booklet Dept. 234-C.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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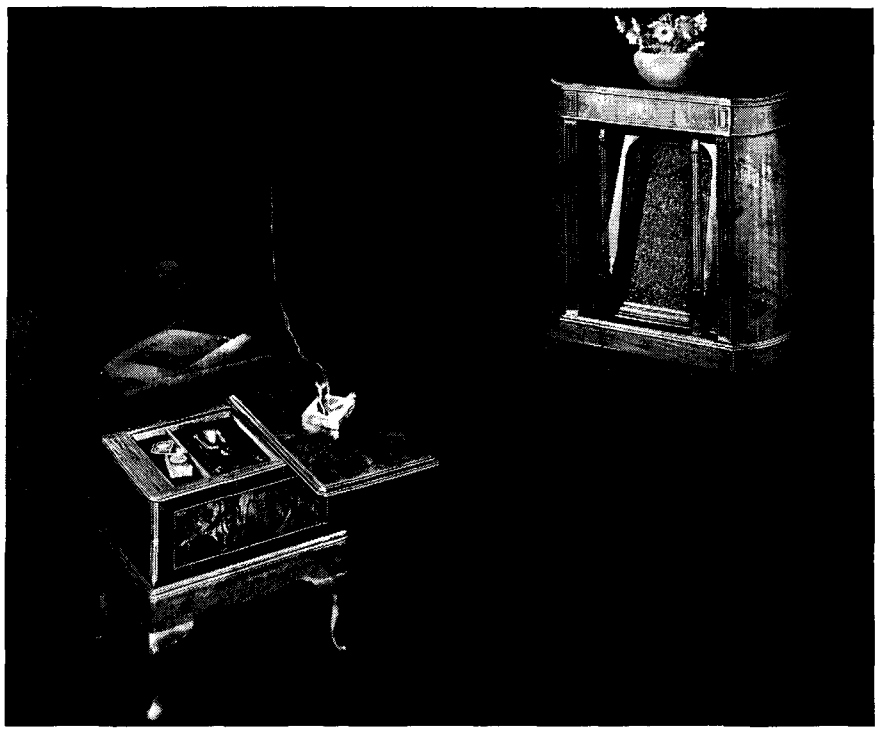
"In one evening my PHILCO took me all over the world!"

Give your home a REAL Radio



PHILCO 16RX (ALL-WAVE) $195

REMOTE CONTROL! Change stations, adjust volume, control tone without moving from your chair.

MARVELOUS TONE! Due in large measure to the greatest single development in scientific sound reproduction—the revolutionary PHILCO Patented Inclined Sounding Board.

1. Its inclination directs all high notes (sparkle and brilliance) some of which you would otherwise miss, up to "ear level".
2. Its large size permits full reproduction of low notes (depth and sonority).
3. RESULT—Reception as if the artists were present "in person".

SHORT-WAVE AS WELL AS STANDARD BROADCAST RECEPTION! Efficient reception on all American and foreign short-wave channels including the very short waves of British Empire Station broadcasts!

SUPER "CLASS A" AUDIO SYSTEM! No distortion from whisper to auditorium volume.

BASS COMPENSATING TONE CONTROL! Giving that pleasing depth and mellowness combined with the desirable crispness and clarity only possible through correct balance of bass and treble.

CONTROL CABINET! Matched butt walnut, with inlay of black and satinwood.

SEPARATE SOUND CABINET! Matched pin-striped American walnut, with inlay of black and satinwood.

Shadow Tuning—Automatic Volume Control—New Auditorium Speaker—Illuminated Station Recording Dial—PHILCO High-Efficiency Tubes, etc.

16 Chassis in regular Inclined Sounding Board Cabinet, $175
16 Chassis in Attractive Lowboy $150
16 Chassis in Baby Grand Cabinet $85

PHILCO also offers another all-wave chassis—the 44—in two attractive cabinets

44H—All-Wave Highboy $89.50
44B—All-Wave Baby Grand $65

For better reception from short-wave as well as standard broadcast stations—specify a PHILCO Special All-Wave Aerial.

A BRAND NEW PHILCO AUTO RADIO AT $55

{Complete and installed on any make car—any model—any year}

A new 1934 model PHILCO Auto Radio featuring a full-sized dynamic speaker—the same type used in high-priced home radios.

Four-point tone control. More powerful—better tone than any auto radio that $55 ever bought before.

Listen to BOAKE CARTER over Key Columbia Stations

$20 to $600

All prices subject to change without notice

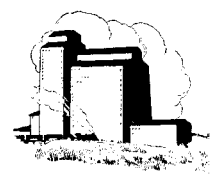
PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY SET

PHILCO

A musical instrument of quality

What can you hear on the short-wave channels? Well, here's how a Philadelphia business man found relaxation and entertainment with a Remote Control PHILCO one winter evening:

6:00 P.M. (EST)—Arrived home from the office. Started to tune in London but heard strains of Spanish music from a station close to London on the dial. Found it was Caracas, Venezuela, and listened until the program changed.

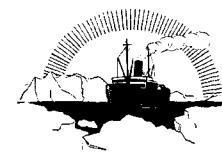


6:10 P.M. (EST)—Thought it might be amusing to have dinner music from France and shifted to where I thought Paris came in on the dial. A program started to come in strongly—and as the music was pleasant—I left the dials at that setting. But when the station announcement came it was VE9JR at Winnipeg, Canada. Looked up Paris on the short-wave list that came with my PHILCO and found it coming in right where it should be.

7:00 P.M. (EST)—Tuned in London in time to hear Big Ben strike midnight and then listened to what was described as a "humorous" talk. Distance lends enchantment. Enjoyed a quarter hour of light opera airs from an orchestra in Berlin. Then heard news bulletins from Madrid loud and clear. Berlin made announcements in both German and English. Madrid gave the news in English, too—probably for the benefit of the British Isles.

7:45 P.M. (EST)—Listened to Boake Carter over several Columbia stations. Found his talk coming in as clearly from Louisville and Chicago as from right here in Philadelphia.

8:00 P.M. (EST)—Switched over to N. B. C. and listened to the Rudy Vallee program. Found it enjoyable, but having heard from Boake Carter about picking up broadcasts from Admiral Byrd's ship, decided to see how good I was at "DX-ing."



8:30 P.M. (EST)—First caught LSX at Buenos Aires, re-broadcasting test program from the Byrd ship. Then heard from the ship *itself—direct from a point south of Tahiti in the South Seas!*

9:30 P.M. (EST)—Tuned back and forth from the ship transmitter to the Buenos Aires relay—and could catch every word. Although the thermometer was in the twenties outside my house—the Buenos Aires operator kept complaining about the awfully hot weather. It's getting right into Summer down there!

11.00 P.M. (EST)—When the Byrd messages stopped, heard a tango played by a band in Buenos Aires—then switched back to the standard broadcast band. Listened to "Amos and Andy" coming from KFI, Los Angeles, as clearly as their program for the East would have come from New York earlier in the evening.

All evening without getting up from my chair! And I had been all over the world—Canada, Europe, South America, and the South Seas.

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See and Believe

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

The story of Albert and Louella, who loved each other dearly—which some people seemed to think odd

THOSE city newspapers were all wrong about Albert Jimsey. Folks are pretty hot under the collar about it here in Bluff City. The city papers made out like we kept Albert in darkness for twenty-five years because we didn't know any better. They said we could have sent Albert to St. Louis any time from early childhood on and the doctors would have taken the cataracts off his eyes. Just as if we didn't know that.

I'm here to tell you it wasn't ignorance that kept Albert Jimsey in darkness. I recollect twenty-one or -two years ago Dr. Ned Gaines coming into my store, saying: "That little Jimsey boy, Albert, ought to be sent to the city for an operation on his eyes." Those were his very words and Judge Witmark can bear me out. And I said: "What's the matter with his eyes, Doc?" and Doc said: "He's got cataracts."

I remember talking it over with my wife that evening. I told her just what Doc had said, that it was too delicate a job for him and Albert should be taken to a specialist in St. Louis. My wife was busy with fruit canning at the time, but several weeks later she went over to Prospect Hill, where the Jimseys lived. It was quite a trip, too, in those days. You couldn't get within half a mile of the Jimseys' house with a horse and buggy. Old Shad Jimsey had built himself a shack on the edge of a flooded quarry. Prospect Hill was on one side and river-bottom gumbo on the other.

"Shad and his wife won't hear of it," my wife told me. "They don't trust city doctors. Shad said he allowed it was better for Albert to have cataracts on his eyes than no eyes at all. And Mrs. Jimsey said it was the good Lord's will for Albert to be blind. It was just another cross for her to bear—as if the poor soul isn't carrying enough of a burden without this. But what can a body do with such parents?"

"He calls it a castle"

I didn't know. Shad Jimsey was a hard case, a mighty hard case. He worked on the section gang for the Wabash occasionally. Sometimes he'd cut a few ties and sell them. But mostly he loafed about, fishing and gambling and drinking. Little Albert was the youngest of seven. Folks in Bluff City had been good to the Jimseys, the Lord knows. I don't recall the time Shad didn't owe me money. Each winter I'd swear not to sell him another grocery order on time, but he'd send two or three of the oldest kids on a cold day and I just couldn't say "No."

Those smart-aleck city reporters made a great to-do over Albert and his violin, at the hospital, and how devoted Louella had acted. I'd be the last one to take any credit from Louella Wilcox. She has done a lot for Albert and she was taking a big chance. But it wasn't fair of those reporters to insinuate that Albert never had any other friends. "Bluff City will be proud to claim Albert Jimsey one of these days." That's what one paper said. Just as if no one in this town had ever lifted a finger to help the boy.

WE KNEW Albert should go to an eye specialist right from the first. And when he was about seven years old, we tried again. It happened this way: Judge Witmark was the town's truant officer as well as justice of the peace and president of the school board. He got after Shad Jimsey and ordered him to send Albert to the Ridge School. A fellow named Professor Drummitt was principal of the school. He came well-recommended from a business college.

Professor Drummitt brought little Albert downtown one noon hour. They came into my store and Professor Drummitt said: "This child should have medical attention. It will take at least one hundred dollars to send him to St. Louis. How much are you willing to give, Mr. Wilson?"

I looked at little Albert. He was a cute tike with a mop of brown curls and nice features. He favored his mother. I gave him two peppermint sticks.

"Candy," I said; "it's yours."

He seemed frightened and put the candy inside his black sateen shirt and started to run. He bumped into a

Illustrated by C. C. Beall

Albert got to be more and more of a character around town

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stack of sugar sacks. I said: "It's all right, sonny. Don't be afraid. Eat your candy." Professor Drummitt picked him up. He said: "What are you afraid of, Albert?"

"My brothers," Albert said.

"Don't you worry about them," the professor said. "They aren't here. Besides, we're going to take you to a nice place where doctors will fix your eyes so you can see. Won't that be dandy?"

"What's see?" Albert said.

We tried to tell him, but it didn't work very well.

"Look here," I said, "we wanted to take care of this child several years ago, but Shad and his missus refused to allow it. You'd better get their consent before you pass the hat."

Professor Drummitt laughed.

"I've got his father's consent. Right here."

He showed me a piece of paper signed "Shadrack Jimsey, his mark." It looked legal enough. Professor Drummitt saw I wasn't right satisfied and he said: "You people didn't handle Jimsey right. You should have offered him a couple of jugs of whisky." That should have warned me against Professor Drummitt. But I signed the subscription list and gave him ten dollars. I've often wished I could have kept that list after the professor made the rounds. Several men who are high monkey-monks around this town today weren't on that list. But anyway, the professor collected a hundred and seventeen dollars and sixty cents.

It was agreed that Miss Alvira Prufrock, who was a practical nurse and helped out in Doc Gaines' office, should take Albert to the hospital in St. Louis. Doc Gaines telephoned over the long distance and explained to the hospital people. They said a staff surgeon would do the operation and to bring Albert any time.

WELL, Professor Drummitt skipped town the evening he was to turn the money over to Miss Alvira.

I said to my wife: "Albert shouldn't be made to suffer for that skunk's misdeeds. I'm going to try to raise the money over again."

But Professor Drummitt hadn't even delivered the whisky he promised old Shad. And old Shad came into town shooting mad. He went up and down Main Street yelling: "No man is a-going to take any child of mine to St. Looey and cut his eyes out." So that put the finish on our efforts to do something just then.

The teachers at Ridge School said there wasn't any use keeping Albert in school with the other children. He needed a special kind of book with raised letters and someone who had time to teach him. My wife put it up to the Methodist Aid ladies and they agreed to buy some Braille books. And Miss Louise Herrington surprised everybody by coming forward and offering to take the job of teaching the boy. Miss Louise was an elderly maiden lady who lived in the Bass Heber house next door to the ice plant on Front Street. She kept body and soul together by sewing and baking; but she was just about the best educated lady in town at that time.

My wife told me that Albert and Miss Louise got along fine. But one day the Radkess boy came hot-footing into my store yelling: "Miss Louise wants you to come right away. It's bloody murder, I guess." I never ran so far or so fast in all my life.

It was old Shad. He was drunk and yelling on Miss Louise's porch. He hollered: "Turn thet boy loose. I don't want no Methodist doctrine taughten him." I went up and tried to argue with the cuss. Miss Louise had locked the door and was standing by a window

All the young folks came, but Albert wouldn't dance with anyone but her

with a poker in one hand and her other arm around little Albert.

Just then, when I wasn't doing a bit of good, a team of bony horses galloped down the street and Mrs. Jimsey climbed out of Shad's rickety farm wagon. She was carrying a shotgun.

"Git away from here, Shad Jimsey!" she said. "I'm a-taking my boy's part this time."

"Put down thet gun," Shad yelled at her.

She cocked the gun. I knew she'd shoot and Shad had sense enough to know it too. He wobbled off the porch, cussing, and climbed into the wagon. Mrs. Jimsey didn't say another word. She just climbed over the end gate, still pointing the gun at Shad. They drove off.

I went in and sat a while with Miss Louise, knowing she'd had a bad fright. I remember that good little woman to this day. She had on a black dress with a white lace collar and she was so frail you could almost look through her. She kept one arm around Albert.

"How is he getting along?" I asked.

"He's a dear, good little boy," she said, "and very bright." She picked a book off the ragged carpet and held it near Albert, saying: "Show Mr. Wilson how you can read."

Albert ran his fingers over the page.

"I see a dog. I see a cat. I see a cow," like that.

I NEVER will forget Miss Louise. And she wasn't the only one in our town who helped Albert. I recollect remarking to my wife time and again how that boy acted on people. Folks who seemed downright unlikely came forward to do things for him. Take Cousin John Schmook, for instance. Cousin John was a cantankerous old coot, the only genuine, thoroughgoing atheist that ever lived in Bluff City. The Wabash paid him forty a month as crossing watchman. I wouldn't believe it when my wife told me Cousin John was giving Albert lessons on the violin.

But one day when Albert was nine or ten years old Cousin John came raring up to town in search of Albert. He said Albert had stolen his violin. I calmed him down and we went out to Miss Louise's house. We found Albert in the empty ice house next door, sawing away calm as you please.

"You promised me not to take the violin away from the shanty," Cousin John said.

"I just wanted to hear how it would sound in this big theater," Albert said. "It sounds swell. Listen."

Cousin John made as if to snatch the fiddle away, but all of a sudden he sort of smiled and started marking time for Albert. It was damp and cold in the ice house and Albert didn't have on any coat, so I busted up the playing.

"I like your voice, Mr. Wilson," Albert said. "You have a big, fat stomach, haven't you?"

"No, I haven't," I said. "I'm as thin as a rail."

He felt my stomach.

"It feels thin, but it's big and jolly," he said.

I thought the boy was daft. But Cousin John said: "He doesn't see like you and me, Matt. But he sees straighter. Already, he sees straighter." I couldn't make head or tail of that, so I said: "What do you think Cousin John looks like, sonny?"

"He's got hoofs like a mule," Albert said. "He gallops when he plays music. He gallops right over hills."

"Ach, you're a smart boy," said Cousin John.

I didn't say anything more, but from that time on I always thought Albert a mite queer. And no wonder. A blind child associating with an elderly maiden lady and an atheist is bound to pick up a mixture of odd ideas.

Maybe it did sound outrageous to those city reporters that good, Christian people would allow a boy like Albert to grow up blind in their town when a few dollars and a trip to St. Louis would have given him sight. But it seemed like every time the question came up something happened to queer it.

AT THIRTEEN, Albert was quite a big lad and right handsome, too. It kind of worked on my conscience, thinking of all the bad breaks that had kept Albert blind, and I made up my mind that before he got much older he was going to St. Louis, if I had to take him myself.

One day he said to me: "Mr. Wilson, do you mind if I sit a while in back of your store? You've got a mighty pretty place."

No one ever called my store a pretty place; in fact, my wife is always after me to clear out a lot of left-over truck and put in new counters.

"What makes you think it's pretty, Albert?" I asked him.

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"It *feels* pretty," Albert said. I asked him what other places around town were pretty. He said Miss Louise's parlor and Cousin John's shack and a cinder dump below the quarry, where he met his mother twice a week, and Nigger Joe's barbecue stand on Front Street. I didn't want to hurt his feelings, so all I said was, "Some day soon you'll be able to see the new Farmers' Bank and the post office. They're really pretty."

But Albert shook his head. He said: "I don't even like to walk by that bank; it's so mean and dirty and ugly."

Well, I bided my time and every little extra bit of money I got I put in a special savings account with Judge Witmark. Albert's mother died of the flu when he was sixteen. The town had to bury her. Albert took a queer streak and wouldn't go inside the church. Miss Louise sent me out to talk to him. He was standing under the trees with a lot of farm people who were too bashful to go in.

"Son," I said, "it isn't fitting for you to wait out here. You come with me."

Albert shook his head.

"These are the folks who were good to my mother," he said. "I'll stay with them, please." Then he said, half tearful and half angry, "Why won't they bury her where I asked them to?"

"That's only a cinder dump, son," I said.

"It's prettier than the cemetery," he said. "My mother was happy, talking there. It was too far from the house for Pop to walk and too far from town for people to bother her. It was the most beautiful place my mother ever found."

IT WASN'T a fitting time to argue with such foolishness and just then Bill Mackey came over to talk to Albert. I went back to church and heard Parson Dinwiddie preach a powerful sermon over poor Mrs. Jimsey. He showed a lot of folks how selfish they had acted and he mentioned Albert in a very meaning way, just the same as to say: "Don't weep over the dead, but help the living."

The big chance had come.

Doc Gaines and I didn't have any trouble raising enough money, counting what I put in, and this time we settled old Shad's hash. The older Jimsey children were grown-up now, two of the girls had married and Albert's brothers were working around on farms. We had Judge Witmark go into the county court and declare Shad incompetent to have the custody of Albert. Judge Bascom appointed me and Miss Louise and Doc Gaines guardians of the boy. It was agreed that my wife and Mrs. Dinwiddie should take Albert to St. Louis, and Mrs. Dinwiddie said she'd stay there with Albert as long as he needed treatment. It might take six weeks, Doc Gaines said.

I broke the good news to Albert. I wish those smart-aleck reporters could have been there. They wouldn't be so quick to blame our town.

"Whose money is it?" Albert said. Those were his first words. I said a lot of folks had chipped in. He wanted to know who. I didn't see any harm in telling him. He listened while I read the list.

"I can't take money from Mrs. Winslow," he said. "She hasn't enough to eat half the time. And Miss Louise was saving that three dollars toward a coat. And Jim McElhinney's little girl should have her tonsils out. I won't take their money."

I guess I lost my temper a little.

"You need it worse than anybody, Albert. You can't see. How are you going to support yourself when you get twenty-one?"

Albert smiled as if he didn't have a care.

"I'm going to be a musician, Mr. Wilson. I can play better'n Cousin John right now. Honest. You can ask Nigger Joe."

"Yes. On street corners. But you need eyesight to get any place in the world." And then I put in, "For heaven's sake, you should be the happiest boy in town just to think you'll soon be able to see!"

HE SAID another downright odd thing:

"Will Mr. Tuckett and Mrs. Lamson and Mr. Jonas own part of my eyes, Mr. Wilson?" His very words.

"Own part of your eyes? Be you daft?" I told him. "They're good Christian people and they gave the money to help you."

Albert shook his head.

"Mr. Tuckett foreclosed on the Zimmers' farm and Mrs. Lamson cheats her maid and Mr. Jonas starves his horses. I don't like the idea of taking their money."

I lit right in on him then. I gave him a good blunt talk on gratitude. I showed him how Miss Louise had been scrimping to let him stay at her house and how it was his duty to make himself a fit wage-earner. That turned the trick.

"I'll go to St. Louis, Mr. Wilson," he promised.

I see now that we all should have been warned by Albert's queerness. We should have sent a couple of men with him instead of my wife and Mrs. Dinwiddie.

They left on a Friday morning and they came back on the night train.

My wife marched into our sitting-room.

"Get Albert settled?" I asked.

"Settled? Settled nothing. He cut up high jinks at the hospital and refused to have the operation. Just walked out while we were talking to the charity clerk. We found him three blocks down the street."

"You brought him home without the operation?"

"What else could we do? I wanted to call a policeman and have him operated on by force, but Clara got mushy and said it wasn't right. So we brought him home."

I didn't say anything more to my wife, just then, because she was hopping mad. But Clara Dinwiddie told me a little different story. She said Albert behaved right well until a mean, cold-blooded woman, in charge of charity patients at the hospital, said: "Has this boy been begging? H'mph. You're sure of that? Weren't there any doctors in Bluff City who could operate on him? Our staff is worked to death just now." There was more of it, but that will give you an idea. Clara said Albert kept repeating: "I don't want *her* to own my eyes. I won't have *her* owning my eyes."

WELL, we put the money in the bank in Albert's name and told folks who had contributed that Albert would go back to St. Louis soon.

The next time Albert came to the store, I tackled him. I told him that everybody in town was disgusted. They couldn't understand why he hadn't been willing to swallow anything to get the cataracts off his eyes.

"Well, Mr. Wilson," said Albert, calm as you please, "I got afraid. I got afraid to see."

"Afraid of what?"

"Just seeing, Mr. Wilson. It's kind of hard, isn't it? Doesn't it scare you?"

"Be you daft, son?" I sort of stammered. "Don't you know eyesight is the greatest gift of God? How can you abide to stay in darkness, feeling your way about with a stick, bumping into things. Don't you *want* to see?"

Albert thought a moment, rubbing his eyes.

"I don't know, Mr. Wilson," he said. "I've got to think about it some more."

Can you blame us sane, Christian folks for getting out of patience with Albert? Was it our fault we sort of wearied of well-doing? I recollect talking it over with Judge Witmark and hearing him say: "The boy seems perfectly contented as he is. I can't understand it. I think we should give him a little time and then force him to submit to the operation, if necessary."

Albert got to be more and more of a character around town. Mrs. Dinwiddie persuaded him to play solos on the violin and cornet for the Presbyterian church. He could play the organ and the piano too, and all by ear. The Elks and Masons asked Albert to play at their blow-outs. He was a great hand with children, especially sick ones. He'd tell kids stories by the hour, fairy stories Miss Louise had told him or yarns he made up out of his own head. It got so every place my wife and I made a neighborly call where there was sickness or death in the family we'd be bound to run into Albert.

Folks were really imposing on the boy, so I and Judge Witmark decided to charge for Albert's music-playing. We put the money we collected in his name. We didn't let on to Albert; money didn't mean a thing to him. He'd have given it all away or else he'd have taken some foolish notion about refusing pay. Every month or so we'd say: "Let's send that boy to St. Louis," but we hated to have a row with Albert. I will admit that we let time drag on until he was eighteen or nineteen, and that much was our fault. But by then Albert had, as I recall, about four hundred and eighty-six dollars to his name. That would be enough to pay his hospital expenses and a small fee to the doctor. It wasn't a question of charity now.

One day Miss Louise sent for me. She was getting very feeble.

"I won't be here long, Mr. Wilson," she said, "and before I go I want Albert to have the operation. I've been putting it off because I dreaded for him to *see* me."

"That's foolishness," I said.

She nodded.

"I know—but Albert thinks I'm a grand, lovely lady. Poor, blind boy. I hate to disillusion him. But I've come to realize that's selfish of me and I want you to go ahead."

"What does Albert say?"

"He'll do it for me."

A few days later, Albert came to the store. He hung around while I waited on some customers. I pretended not to notice him. I didn't want any backing out this time. It was up to Albert. Finally he said: "Mr. Wilson, I'll make an agreement with you. I'll go to St. Louis if you and Judge Witmark will let Cousin John go with me and handle everything."

"All right, Albert," I said.

We knew Cousin John was as honest as the day is long. I phoned Judge Witmark and he said he would arrange things with Cousin John and Doc Gaines.

The evening Albert and Cousin John were supposed to leave for St. Louis my wife and I had company. It was pretty late, maybe eleven o'clock, when the company went home. I was just closing up the house when there was a knock at the back door. I opened it and there stood Albert with a girl. The girl had been crying.

"I thought you were on the way to St. Louis," I said.

Albert grabbed the girl's hand.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Wilson, but the money's all spent. I came to tell you I'm taking the blame so you won't be mad at Cousin John."

I looked at the girl. She was a homely little thing about eighteen years old. Her dress had gilt spangles on the skirt and her coat was too small for her. She was shivering in the cold.

"Step into the kitchen," I said. Albert heard the sound of my voice and sort of flinched. But he said: "Don't be afraid, Louella. Mr. Wilson is going to be a friend of yours."

"I didn't want him to do it," the girl said, kind of sobbing. "I didn't know he was going to, or I wouldn't of taken it." She tried to pull away from Albert. "I won't do it. I'm going back to jail!"

"Lock the door, Mr. Wilson. Please lock the door!" Albert said.

I CALMED them both down, and Albert told me what had happened. It seemed Louella belonged to a street carnival that had been playing in Bluff City. Her uncle and aunt and two other men robbed a farmer named Judson of nearly three hundred dollars of hog money. The whole outfit skipped town except Louella, who had made up her mind to run away from the carnival. The farmer accused Louella of being in on the swindle and had Jed Toomey, our city marshal, arrest her. Louella admitted being in on it, but claimed she was forced to flirt with Judson by her uncle.

My wife came downstairs while Albert was talking and she lit in on Louella good and proper.

"You're a bad girl and you've wheedled this poor blind boy into giving you his money."

"That's not so, Mrs. Wilson," Albert said. "She's not a bad girl and I didn't give her a penny. I paid Mr. Judson so he wouldn't send her to the penitentiary." Then he put his arm around Louella and said: "Come on. We'll go to Miss Louise. She'll take care of you."

Well, that was the last straw as far as Bluff City folks were concerned. There was some talk that Cousin John

(Continued on page 36)

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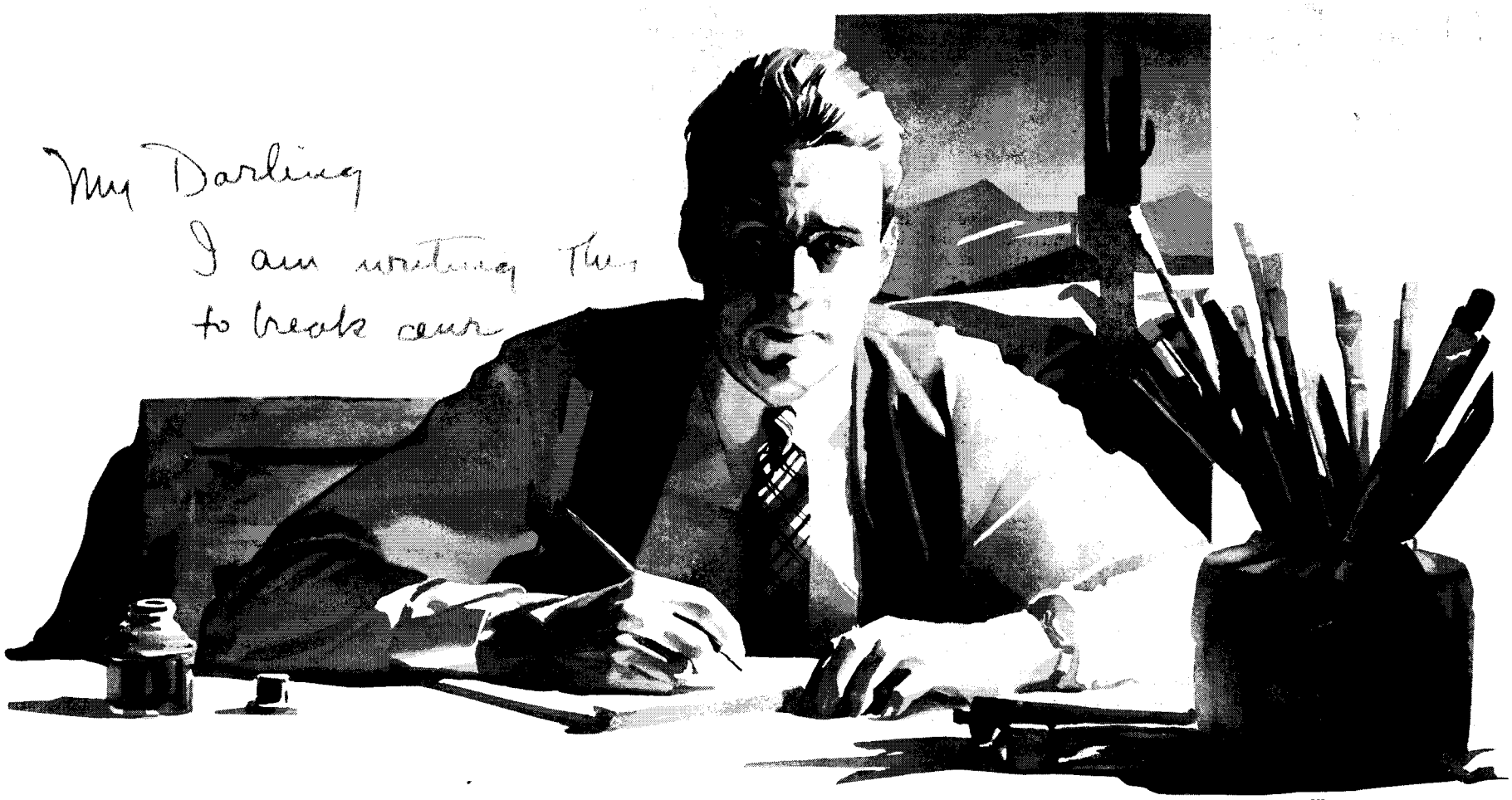

He wrote to her that night. Maybe he needn't send it but he'd have it ready

Illustrated by George Howe

Red Desert

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Mary C. McCall, Jr.

MR. AND MRS. BEEBE agreed that it had been a mighty interesting trip. The month had gone by so quickly that they were both surprised and a little sad to realize that this Saturday and Sunday in New Mexico would be their last stop in a new place. On Monday they would be turning the car east again.

In two weeks they'd seen country where the earth was red and there were no trees. They'd watched the rocks turn purple and red when the sun dropped. They'd seen cactus, yucca trees, pepper trees, skies saturated in blue, stars closer, more thickly clustered than stars ever seemed to be at home. And they'd seen Indians, not only Indians in hand-me-downs, but Indians in velveteen blouses of blazing green and orange, Indians dancing to wheedle the gods of the harvest.

THE velveteen Navajo blouses were machine-stitched. The dancers wore muslin shorts to shield their copper-colored nakedness from the tourist eye. The cowboys with their ten-gallon hats and high-heeled boots were the riding masters of a dude ranch. But Mr. and Mrs. Beebe had thought of nothing like that. The West to them was exotic, unexpected, richly colorful.

This hotel was one of the best they'd stayed in, for all its being so far off the beaten track. It was built of adobe, a one-story building sprawling over half an acre, with bathrooms of tawny-colored tile for every bedroom, a swimming pool floored in turquoise color and filled with gently warm water, strings of gourds in the dining-room, where the waiters wore Navajo blouses and silver-buttoned moccasins.

"This is certainly an unusual place, isn't it, Mamma?" Mr. Beebe said.

"It surely is," said Mrs. Beebe. "We must send some postals to the folks."

The clerk behind the desk was a nice-looking young fellow. Mrs. Beebe took to him right away. She told him all about their trip, how much they'd enjoyed seeing this desert country.

"I like it, too," he said. "I was out here for my health. That's all right now, but I've stayed on." He didn't tell her that he'd stayed on longer than he'd wanted to—stayed on when his longing to get home to Mary Elizabeth was so strong that he couldn't sleep for thinking of her.

He'd be here alone forever, he imagined. He'd even be deprived of the hope he was still clinging to, unless some financial miracle came along. Twenty a week wouldn't take care of Mary Elizabeth. He couldn't save enough out of twenty a week to bring her here to him or to take him home to her. Perhaps . . . the Beebes really seemed to like the desert.

"I did some pictures of this part of the country," he said. "Maybe you'd like to see them."

"Photographs?" said Mr. Beebe.

"No, paintings. I have them back here in the office."

"Well, say—so you're a painter. It must be interesting," said Mrs. Beebe.

They looked at his canvases: Camelback at Dawn, Red Desert, Grand Mesa, and Sajuara.

"My, you certainly have got it all down," said Mrs. Beebe.

"They're oil paintings, eh?" Mr. Beebe said. "Genuine oil?"

"Oh, yes."

"Do you have anything to go by, or do you just . . . I mean, it's like free-hand drawing?"

"Yes. They're not copied from anything. I look at the place and remember, and then paint from memory."

"Are these for sale?"

Were they for sale! Indeed they were. If someone would buy one! If these good-hearted, dull people would just buy one, he'd take new heart. He'd have part of Mary Elizabeth's fare and, more important, he'd have hope. "Yes," he said.

THEY came back to Red Desert. "How much are you asking for this one?"

"A hundred dollars for that particular one," he said, trying to keep his voice from shaking.

"My, they bring big prices, don't they? Well, thank you for showing them to us. It's fine work."

They went away. He didn't surrender to hopelessness right away. Maybe the picture would grow on them. Maybe tomorrow or Monday before they left. . . . They had a big car. They had the hotel's most expensive suite. He wouldn't give up yet. But by Sunday night, even though Mrs. Beebe had asked him to let her see Red Desert again, that small lively hope of his had grown weak and limp. They liked the picture, really liked it, but they were the sort of people who spend money on cars and radios and bathrooms, not paintings. He'd been a fool, but then love does make a young man foolish, and he was deeply, terribly in love with Mary Elizabeth.

He wrote to her that night. It was only fair. Maybe he needn't send it, but he'd have it ready. Perhaps just because he'd written it some capricious god of good luck would work the miracle which would make it unnecessary to send it.

"My darling: I'm writing this to break our engagement. It's the best way. I'd hoped that I might get somewhere with the painting, but I've shown the canvases I've done to a hundred tourists, rich ones, too, without a sign of a sale. I've had to face the fact that twenty a week is all I'm likely to earn for years. I've fought off facing it, because I love you so, I'm so lonely for you. But it's no good.

"No one could love you more than I, but someone else will come along who can take care of you, give you the kind of comfortable, happy life you should have, because you're so sweet. After you get this letter, don't write to me and tell me you'll wait. It's no use, sweetheart. There were a couple of people here who liked one of the pictures. I decided if they bought one, then I could ask you to keep on waiting. But they didn't. Nobody does. Nobody will. So I'm saying goodby to you, my dearest. Goodby for good."

He had the letter sealed and ready on the desk when the Beebes checked out in the morning. There was still a chance. Just before they left, Mr. Beebe might turn back.

"Well, goodby," Mr. Beebe said. "Good luck with the painting."

"Thank you," he said, keeping his voice carefully free from the dull despair which he felt. "I wonder if you'd be good enough to drop this letter in a mail box at Santa Fe? Air mail is quicker from there."

"Certainly. Glad to," said Mr. Beebe.

IT WASN'T till they were at home in Arcola, a week later, that Mrs. Beebe came upon the letter in Mr. Beebe's pocket.

"Oh, Papa," she said, "you forgot to mail that nice young fellow's letter, and he wanted it to go quick."

"Gosh," said Mr. Beebe. "Isn't that like me? What'll I do? Maybe he wouldn't want it mailed now. I'll tell you, supposing I was to send it back, and what do you say I get him to ship along that picture, the red desert one? That would kind of make it up to him, and anyway I like that thing. It would be a kind of nice souvenir of our trip."

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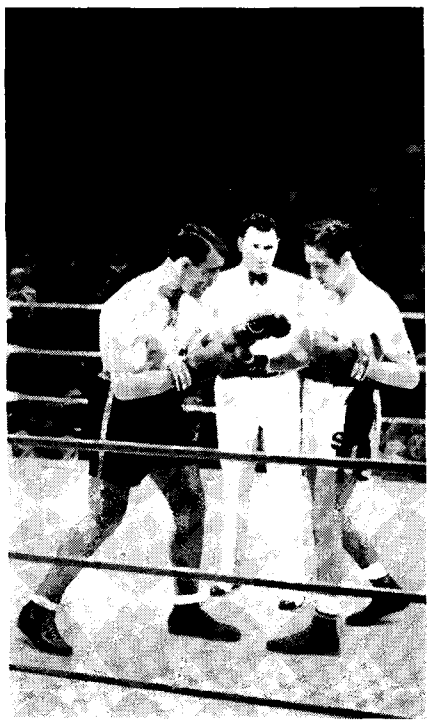
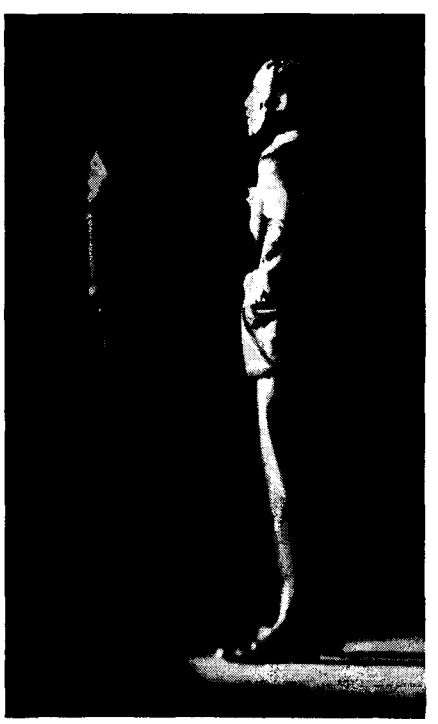
The Gong and Dance Man

By Quentin Reynolds

Max Baer, by long odds the most hopeful contender for the heavyweight championship, has beaten all sorts of fighters but hasn't won a decision over a blonde yet. And now Hollywood is after him. Not that Max cares. But the fight fans do: they say it's a weakness

Photographs by Ifor Thomas, Collier's Staff Photographer





Max Baer, the hard-hitting Californian, now doubling as movie hero and crooner. At the top, Baer, Carnera and Dempsey in The Prize Fighter and the Lady. Above, Joe Humphreys proclaims Baer victor over Schmeling

THE Lady and the Prize Fighter are billing and cooing at a great rate and if the Lady gets him we'll have to look elsewhere for our next heavyweight champion. The Lady is Dame Hollywood and the Prize Fighter is Max Baer, who is so susceptible to feminine charms that the betting is six-two and even that he'll wind up exchanging his boxing gloves for a box of grease paint and never again use that concrete chin of his for anything but profile purposes.

Which is a great pity, for Max Baer is on the verge of becoming a very good fighter indeed. He is not as yet a very good fighter but he did polish off Max Schmeling with neatness and dispatch and that comes under the head of meritorious performances. Four years ago Max was as goofy as a snowfall in August. Today he is still as goofy as a snowfall in August but he has learned to box a little without forgetting how to hit a great deal. Max has upset all of the copy-book maxims and has broken every rule he knows, but nevertheless, he stands today as Champion Primo Carnera's only real rival.

Max started in life as a butcher boy working for his father in Livermore, California. He was a mean hand at carving a steak and weighing a pork chop, and when he turned that smile of his on the local housewives they forgot to complain because he had neglected to put that extra bit of suet in the bag along with the steak. Even then the girls were fluttering their eyelashes at Max and Max was not a bit averse to fluttering right back. He has always been quite an eyelash flutterer.

So Maxie Started to Think

Well, sir, one day Max was out with his Wonder Girl of the moment. They had been to the movies and as they walked home Max was regaling her with romantic tales concerning the relative merits of rump steak over sirloin (or maybe it was veal cutlets over lamb kidneys). They passed several gentlemen who were leaning against lampposts eying passers-by with critical attention when one of the gentlemen "passed a remark," as we say on Eighth Avenue.

"Are you gonna let that big bum say things like that about me?" the starry-but indignant-eyed Wonder Girl of the moment exclaimed in high dudgeon.

Max had been so engrossed with his romantic narrative that he hadn't even heard the gentleman pass the remark.

"Of course not, baby," he replied promptly and walked over and hit the gentleman right on the chin and then the gentleman hit the sidewalk.

Max looked down at the prostrate form of the gentleman and then a beatific smile appeared on his face.

"Boy, oh boy, am I good? Can I hit or can I hit?" he asked proudly. It was at that moment that Max the butcher boy died and Max the prize fighter was born.

This knockout started Max to thinking; and when a butcher boy starts thinking, anything can happen and quite frequently does. Soon Max was letting anyone sample that punch who would oblige, but he found out that there was no money in slapping over street-corner loafers, although it did help a bit with the girls. He discovered too that the butcher business had lost its savor and he got himself a job manicuring dynamos in an engine plant in Oakland. Right at the start he announced that he'd lick anybody in the joint for two dollars.

J. Hamilton Lorimer, a wealthy young sportsman, was the son of the man who owned the engine works. He heard about this boastful young hired hand and went to see him.

"What makes you think you can fight?" he asked modest Max.

"Well," Max hesitated, "my father was once a friend of Tom Sharkey's."

"You think fast," young Lorimer said admiringly. "I'm going to get you a fight for the fun of it."

Lo, the Poor Indian

The fight was fun for everyone but the poor shock absorber they tossed in there with Max. Lorimer matched him with an Indian giant named Chief Cariboo. Max was a good-looking kid, all right, and the Chief smiled when they shook hands. It was his last smile for weeks.

"What Max did to that Indian was a pity," Lorimer says now, recalling that night. "He slapped him silly for two rounds, then planted him with a right-hand punch that must have traveled twenty feet."

In those days when Max wound up his right hand people in the twentieth row ducked. No one ever knew whether the punch would land on Max's opponent or on the ticket-taker outside. But when it did land—my goodness!

Lorimer was satisfied that here was a champion in the making. He gave Max twenty-five dollars for that fight and Max went right out and coined a phrase which he still uses. The phrase was and is, "This one is on me." No one ever accused Max of being a hoarder. He'd spend it even if he didn't have it.

That fight with the Indian resin sniffer started Max. He was goin' to town but no one believed it except himself—and J. Hamilton Lorimer.

In action Max was as crude as an army tank that limped, but he was just about as effective too. Lorimer hired a boxer named Bob McAllister to teach Max to box. That was like hiring someone to teach an elephant to skip rope. Max belonged to the sock-'em-and-rock-'em school and he didn't like that fancy jab-and-step-away stuff.

"I'm no sissy," he'd tell McAllister when the latter was trying to show him how to slip out of a corner or roll away from a punch. "I'll punch my way out of trouble. But after all, Bob, there isn't anyone who can hurt me, so how can I ever get into trouble?"

Now Max was a full-fledged fighter. Lorimer launched him into a strenuous campaign and within a year he had stiffened 24 out of 27 opponents, which is better than par on any course.

About this time Max announced that he was the next heavyweight champion, a statement which was received with amazing calm along Cauliflower Row, which was not as yet bullish on Baer.

(Continued on page 34)

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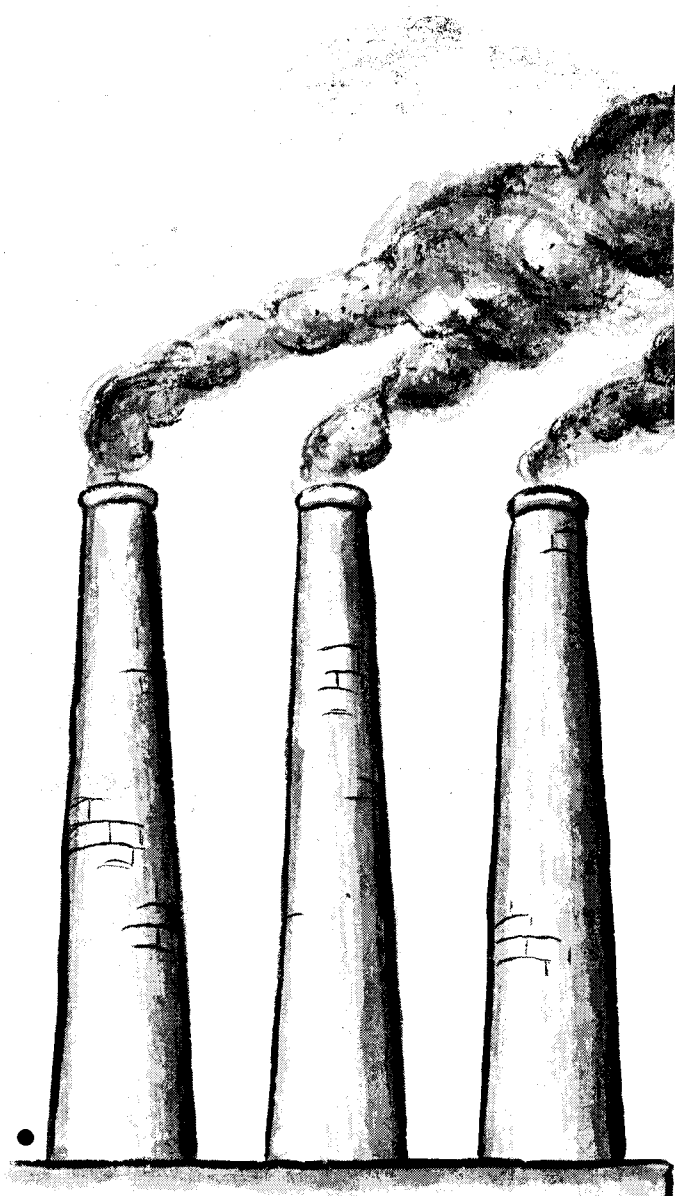
Our Soiled Cities

It's time we dropped the notion that smoke means prosperity. It means, in the first instance, waste of fuel; and after that it means expense to you, whoever you are and wherever you live, and immediate danger to your health and spirits. It's an overhead sewer—as harmful as contaminated water. You'll be doing yourself a good turn if you help clean your city's face. And that's a chore that begins at home

By W. B. Courtney



Illustrated by William Steig

FOGS are not rare in the valley of the Meuse; but within memory there had never been another like this one. Day after day it made this dour corner of Belgium a land of ghostly shapes and unreal silence; it seemed that the world had been trapped in a nightmare from which it could not awaken. And yet, when old man Laille sickened, no one would have associated it with the fog except for the little red spots that glowed on his skin and except for the frank bewilderment of the village doctor.

Soon others took the illness—with the little red spots and the quick sufferings; and the doctor suddenly remembered it had been thus with poison gas in the great war. Panic ran through the Meuse Valley. Peasants told one another it was the work of evil spirits; ignorant workers trembled at sensational tales of attack by undeclared enemies. Refugee scenes of 1914 were repeated when many tried to flee the fog pall. It was a nine-day mystery for the whole civilized world.

Then a fresh wind swept the mist out of the valley, and the plague with it; and medical and chemical science caught up with the matter. The red spots were acid burns; the sickness was a poisoning from an unusually heavy concentration of one of the common products of combustion, and its source was traced to the smokestacks of a fertilizer plant.

This is how it had all come about: First, there were thick mists and oppressive humidity; then a complete absence of wind. Into this stagnant air poured a dense smoke discharge, which was held by the fog as by the low ceiling of a tightly closed room, so that it pressed down upon all living things.

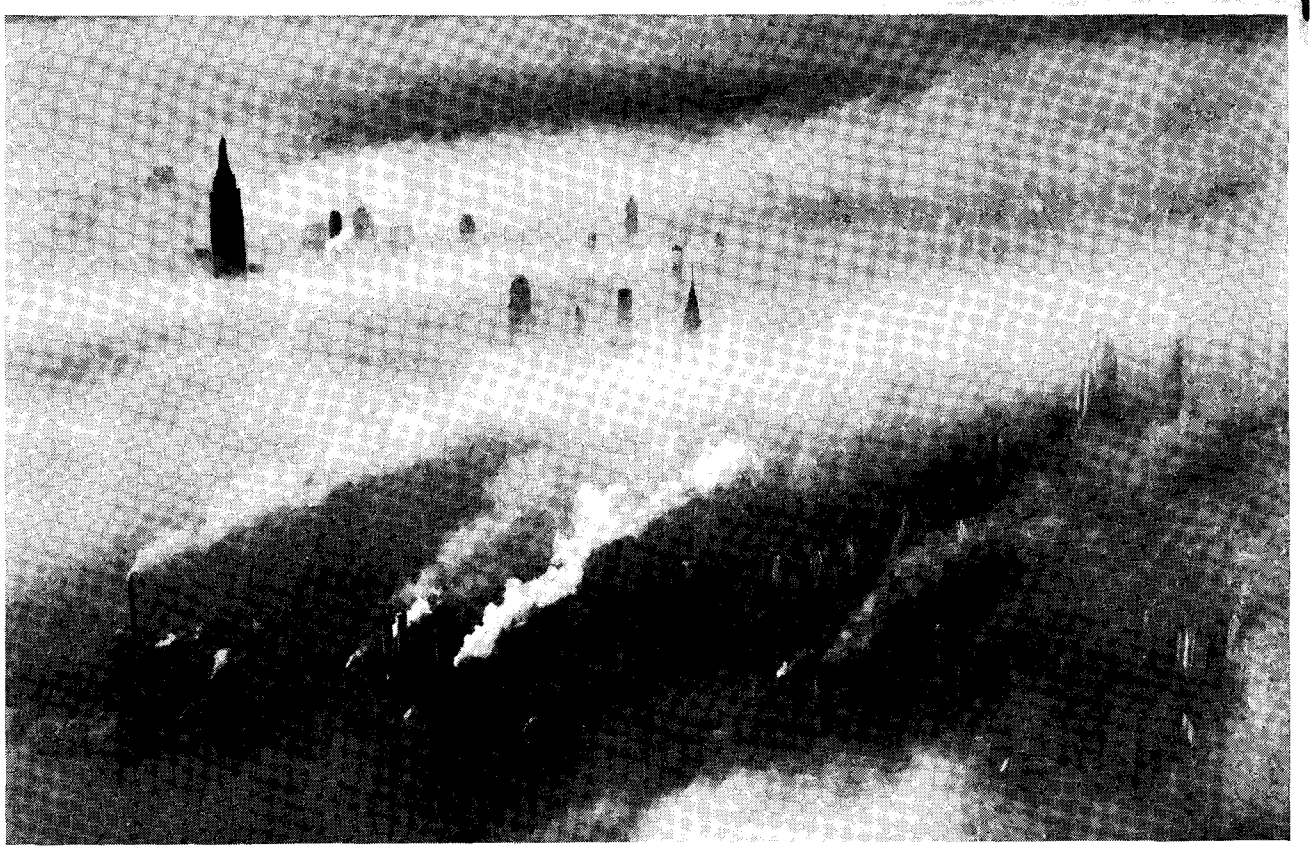
This Could Happen to You

True, the combination of atmospheric and smoke conditions that made such a disaster possible was rare; and yet the mayor of any one of scores of American cities might look in the direction of Belgium and whisper to himself, "There, but for the grace of the wind and the weather, lies my town!"

For what happened in the Meuse Valley might as easily happen under present smoke conditions, wherever industry waves its black plumes above the roof-tops. There were no elements in that Belgian poison smog which are not present in some degree in the smoke, visible or invisible, that is discharged from most of the busy stacks in our land. Chemists will list them for you quickly: ammonia compounds, tar, sulphuric acid, fly-ash, carbon particles. Compounds hurtful to human life which, in one degree or another, are common products of combustion as it occurs not only in our factories but in the furnaces of our homes and places of small business.

Hundreds of thousands of tons of obnoxious soot rain upon each state in the Union every year—from one to more than two thousand tons upon each square mile, according to its situation with relation to industrial concentrations. Millions of cubic inches of poison gas are set free annually in the air above our heads. Between them, gas and soot, they steal precious weeks of greenness from our gardens, and prematurely brown our trees; they smear and destroy the goods within our homes, and corrode our outdoor possessions; they render ugly our public buildings, and thus make depressing the faces of whole cities; and, worse, they affect our national psychology, sow broadcast diseases new and old, screen away from our children the precious sun rays that produce Vitamin D, keep sinus trouble as fashionable as appendicitis used to be, turn our lungs into a couple of waterproof socks, and cause blackheads on Aunt Julie's lovely nose.

There is a doctor in St. Louis who, upon stepping from his breakfast table to his office on a given morning, can tell you exactly what the weather is like without so much as a peek through the window or a glance at the morning paper. No invocation of devils here. Simply a hasty count of noses in the waiting-room and a momentary cocking of the medical ear. Only two or three "chronics"—and it's a grand, sunny day out of doors. But if standing room is at a premium, and there is much stepping on toes and pushing forward and snarls and coughs, it's another of those St. Louis blues—a day when it is night all day because smoke from the river boats, the networks of railroad yards and the factories on both sides of the river is imprisoned by the low-hanging valley mists and drawn over the city like a dark, threadbare sheet.



Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc.

By-product of prosperity. The smoke pall over New York City, from an airplane

So much has been taught about the value of sunlight to health that within the past few years we have developed a national sun-cult. In consequence there appeared on public beaches last summer a new wrinkle in parasols—a covering of colorless, transparent paper. The notion was to let through the light, but not the heat. Whether this fashion has in it anything of scientific merit or practicality is beside

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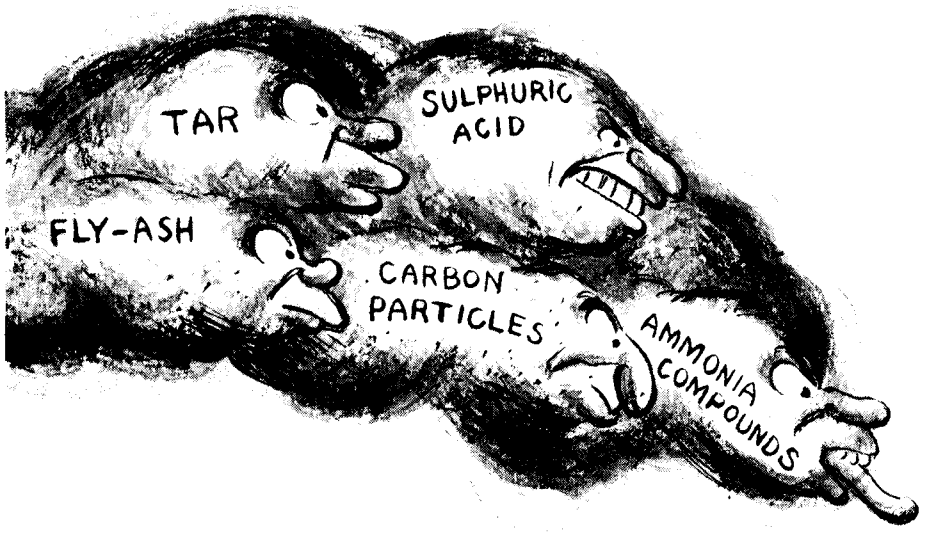


All over our once-fair land tall stacks are spewing out a great smudge of disease, danger and waste

our point. An idea is indicated, however, which might well be turned to civic account.

When you fly across the United States do not think that you will see only fair and smiling land, with towns along the route marked by white houses and cheery roofs and steeples bright in the sun. Indeed, a day of wide visibility even over open country—even when skies are clear overhead—is so rare that pilots talk about it. Usually there is a "false" horizon ten degrees or so above the true horizon. It is the rim of the dust and smoke blanket which circulating air spreads over the country. Usually, too, there is a haze which blurs everything at a distance of several miles from your cockpit into a vague bowl that flies along with you.

Our Strangled Cities

Always there is a chain of dark smudges on the skyline, like blots from a cosmic thumb. Those are the cities. Veteran pilots will in daytime name them for you without consulting maps, or referring to remembered topographical features; identifying each simply by the size of the black umbrella that hangs in the sky above it. Sometimes the larger cities raise smoke umbrellas with two hundred square miles of spread.

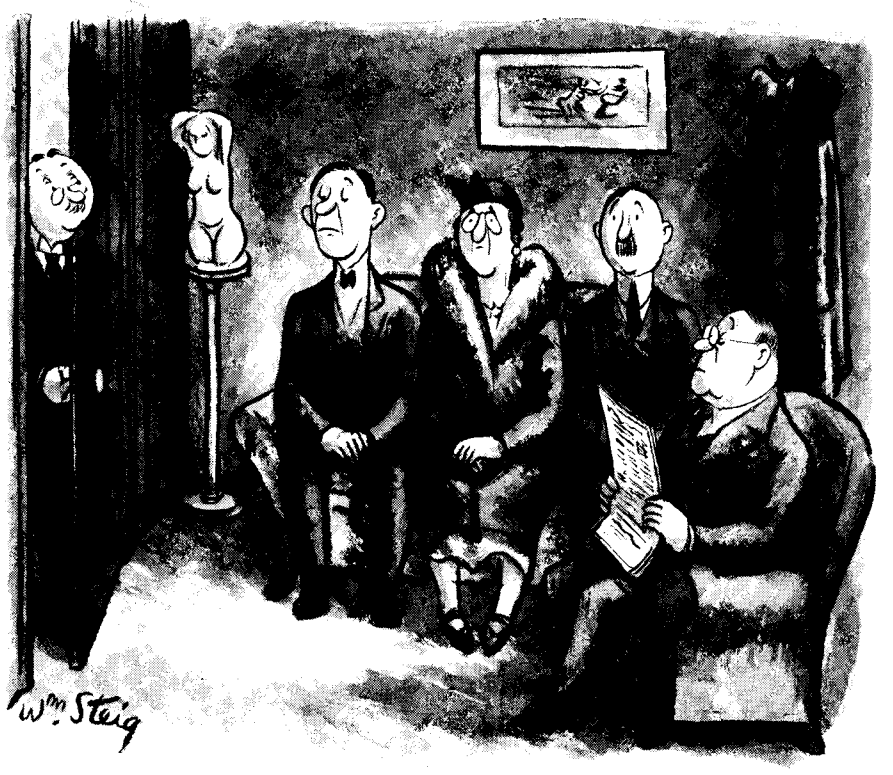
From thirty miles away, and a mile up over Long Island, I have seen the spires of New York's tallest buildings rising clear of a single giant puff of jet-black smog which had settled down and blotted the whole city and its environs from view. Touched by the blatant colors of a wintry sunset these few turrets were like candles burning on a funeral bier.

And I have looked at Chicago and at Kansas City, among other places, on equally clear days and from similar vantage points, and have seen nothing —nothing but a dreary, shabby pall. The disturbing thought is that millions of people are living, sleeping, working, seeking health and fortune and happiness, under those vast black umbrellas; that millions of children are fighting thereunder for the chance to grow up into sound maturity and optimistic citizenhood.

"If we are to avoid in this country serious hindrances to industrial and commercial economies, grave consequences to public health, American cities must pull down and discard those old black umbrellas; and, taking cues from the young folks at the seashore, run up in their stead transparent ones that will let through the sunshine," H. B. Meller told me in Pittsburgh, recently. He is the head of the Air Pollution Investigation, Mellon Institute of Industrial Research; and, in addition, Chief of the Bureau of Smoke Regulation of the city's Department of Public Health. Formerly he was Dean of the School of Mines, University of Pittsburgh. His work has not been without political and industrial opposition.

But today everything in Pittsburgh is clean—relatively clean. A recent nation-wide survey, indeed, places it halfway down the list of cities in the order of their offenses against clean air. When you consider that no city more fairly earned its original nickname, and that the conditions which make for smoke and grime have been multiplied during his tenure of office, the achievements of Meller and his associates take on notable importance; and this, coupled with the breadth and variety of his researches and experiences, makes him the foremost authority on air pollution. Better pay attention, then, while he wags his finger at you and warns:

"Industry cannot go ahead without a certain amount of smoke. Mankind cannot get along without some dust. If there were no dust particles in the air to play their part in the condensation of moisture and its intermittent precipitation to earth as rain, we should have a constant drip-drip that would be even more demoralizing to our spirits than the smogs of today. The effort, therefore, must be toward keeping dust within reasonable check and toward finding a safe minimum for smoke, or rather for the discharge into the air of the products of combustion.



Smoke packs 'em into the doctor's office

And helps a lot to make things unpleasant around the house

Two Fallacious Beliefs

"From many cities word comes, pathetically, that the authorities would be glad to see 'the blackest, densest smoke' issuing from their idle stacks. This illustrates two widespread American fallacious beliefs. The first, perhaps, was among the factors that led us into four years of cold grates and stark chimneys—it is the notion that bigger and better smoke coils writhing from mill stacks are flags of prosperity; whereas they are warning signals that good fuel is going up the chimney, indicating wasteful operation.

"The second erroneous idea is that only visible smoke is obnoxious; yet chimneys with scarcely visible emissions, well inside the average city ordinance as to degree of opaqueness, may be belching out coke particles, cinders, ash high in silica, unburned oil and sulphurous gases with sinister generosity. In plain truth as matters stand now, due to changing fuels and to lax or conscienceless or perhaps merely ignorant methods of combustion, in homes as well as industries, we are feeding a sewer over our heads which is every bit as real as the sewers under our feet, and far more dangerous because not impounded.

"Now the danger line is at hand. It lies in the prospect of the general reawakening of industry under the stimulation of the national recovery plans. In many cities, despite well-meaning but inadequate ordinances based on the old-fashioned belief that smoke is all right if you can't see it, the safe minimum of air pollution will be left behind. If it is, there isn't one of you, man or woman, who can escape damage in the two vital places where you can least afford to be damaged—your health and your pocketbook.

How to Prevent New Slums

"'Wipe out the slums!' is the cry in every large city; a clamor of civic pride so eloquent that it has won major emphasis in the National Recovery Act as reflected in the public works program. But, unless smoke is abated and air pollution decreased, the Public Works Housing Corporation is likely to find that it has merely built new slums for old. New York is a case in point. Mayor LaGuardia, with admirable zeal and sincerity and humaneness, won for his city allotments for rebuilding that will abolish whole sleazy neighborhoods and give employment to many thousands. But New York must not lose sight of the fact that slum eradication is sociological and psychological and educational, as well as architectural.

"If you don't improve the slum dweller's chances for good health of mind and of body you haven't done much for him, because a man can be poisoned in the parlor as easily as in the kitchen. Researches definitely show that the unnecessary smoke deluge and preventable air pollution are worst in slum

(Continued on page 47)

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The Way Things Change

By Dwight Mitchell Wiley

"I think," she said, "you'd better kiss me." And what do you think he did? Page Jeff—he'll do your guessing for you

JEFF threw his baggage in the rumble seat and went around and climbed in and this strange and unexpected young blond lady smiled at him again and pressed her foot against the starter. Nothing happened but a loud and rasping protest till she yelled "Giddap!" at just the right time and the startled motor coughed apologetically and they were off.

She said: "And when that doesn't work I cry and when it hears me cry it nearly always gets ashamed and slinks right off."

Jeff stared at her some more. She was, to put it mildly, pretty darned improbable; but here she was. He asked, politely: "Where are all the knees and elbows? And the jutting ears?"

"They didn't jut," she said. "And that was four years formerly, besides; before I budded out." She smirked at him and said: "And don't you think I budded pretty dandy? Tell me, Jeff."

"How's Sylvia?" Jeff said.

"That's dog-gone mean of you, Jeff Baldwin," she informed him. "Dog-gone mean and just like always. There you sit and anyone can see your eyes are all bugged out about me; but you won't say anything except about my former ears or something and 'How's Sylvia?' "

She looked at him and Jeff looked back and tried to keep his eyes from bugging, and it felt, for just a second, as he looked in her eyes, like teetering upon the verge of an uncertain springboard, at a dizzy height above a deep, dark, violet pool. Jeff tugged his eyes away and thought: "They've no darn' business growing up to look at you like that."

He grinned and said: "Nineteen; that's right. The age kids think it's smart to try to cop their sister's beaus."

The old car chuckled with them as it wagged its rumble seat around the curve and took the hill toward River Road. They wound up in the country and Jeff looked at old stone fences, old deep-shaded houses and New England fields and trees; and everything looked pretty good to come back to, and restful, somehow. Everything looked settled and complete and had a kind of calm and reassuring permanence that made you feel secure. Yes, this was home, all right. A mile or so and they would reach the hunting country and the big estates; the gracious houses and the spotless stables and the paddocks fenced immaculately white. A mile or so and they would pass by Hillside—and Jeff wondered how he'd feel.

SHE turned left at the crossroad and Jeff said, "Detour?" but she didn't answer and her eyes were on the road and she was whistling a casual little tune. Jeff looked at her, surprised. He said: "Why, good Lord, Polly! So you thought I wouldn't want to pass the scene of former Baldwin eminence and glory?"

They reached the hilltop and she said: "Let's stop and have a cigarette." From here they could see clear across the valley and they smoked in silence, looking. Jeff could see the Hunt Club and the roof and chimneys of the Morris place beyond; the tall, white pillars of the great Joel Chandler house that crowned the hill.

He said: "It's pretty swell, all right."

"Better than California?"

"No, not better, maybe. Home."

She pointed to the Chandler house and said: "Some people live there now—from Omaha or some place. Schwirmer."

Things had changed all right, that's what she meant. The valley looked the same, but that was only on the surface. Schwirmers in the Chandler house and Hunt Club members now, no doubt, who couldn't even ride; and Hillside rented to a girls' school. Jeff said: "Yes, I guess it's pretty much changed now."

"Everything," she told him. "I mean—everything." She looked at him and said: "Jeff, I've been thinking. I—I think you'd better kiss me, Jeff."

She wasn't smiling, Jeff saw, and her eyes were serious. She had a kind of odd, strained look; a kind of sympathetic look, you'd say, but that was silly. Jeff thought: "What's all this about?" He thought: "It isn't about anything. It's just simply Syl's kid sister and she's known you all her life. You're a kind of brother and she wants to kiss you, that's all."

Jeff kissed her and she put her arms around his neck and hugged him hard. She looked at him and grinned, like Syl's kid sister.

"Lovely, Jeff," she mocked. "Superb technique. Detached, amused, a little condescending. There is only one word for it, Jeff. It—it was 'unclish'!"

"What did you expect?" Jeff said. "What is this, anyway?"

"It's only me," she told him. "Only Polly, and I wanted you to kiss me, Jeff, because you'd been away so long and—and I wanted you to know that someone loved you."

Jeff saw she had that odd, disturbing look again. She said these silly things and yet her eyes stayed serious and there was something up. Jeff thought: "There's something going on here; something Polly wants to tell me." He said suddenly: "Why didn't Syl come meet me?"

"She—she couldn't get away. She's waiting home."

Jeff said: "What's up, kid?"

"You've always been in love with her, Jeff, haven't you?"

JEFF thought: "So that's it. Something's up with Sylvia, and Polly knows it and she's feeling sorry for me." Jeff felt queer and empty and he took a good long breath.

"I guess I have," he said. "What's up with Sylvia? If Sylvia's in love with someone else, why—why, she is, that's all. Things—change, you know."

"It's just that," Polly said. "It's changes; it's these last four years. It's all the things she lost out on. I guess it's pretty tragic for a girl of her age, Jeff. All the things she counted on and didn't get."

"It's money," Jeff said, slowly. "Polly, is that it?"

"It's not just that," said Polly. "Not just dollars. It's—it's expectations. Don't you see, Jeff? All the things that she expected; took for granted that she'd have; the house in Palm Beach and a yacht, perhaps, and—all that, Jeff. The kind of life that she'd been trained for. Jeff, did you ask Sylvia to marry you when she was out in California two years ago?"

"I couldn't," Jeff said, "with the way things were."

"Well," Polly said, "you see? And not just you, but all of Sylvia's old beaus. They thought they couldn't ask a girl like Sylvia to marry them, the way things were. It wasn't her fault, Jeff."

"All right," Jeff said, "go on. She's going to marry someone with a lot of money?"

"No," said Polly, "no, he hasn't any money. Sylvia thinks she's in love with him; but that's because she's changed." She paused and said: "Jeff, he's a lawyer."

She told him that as if it had significance. A funny thing to say, Jeff thought. He tried to grin and found that he was able to and grinned again. He said: "Well, lawyers might be all right; some of them. Look here, shrimp, I'm a big, strong boy. I'll keep on breathing. Thanks for telling me."

"I haven't told you," Polly said. "I haven't t-t-told you, Jeff. I c-c-can't. I knew you couldn't understand. You couldn't. I—I hate him, Jeff; I hate him!"

The car swung in the side road. Polly turned her head to look at him.

"It's going to be pretty hard to take, old Jeff," she said. "I know."

Jeff said: "I guess that's life. I guess we have to take it as it comes. And keep on smiling."

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Jeff listened to himself and shuddered. Great grief, what was this? Beau Geste? The brave words and the bright, pathetic smile that masked the breaking heart? Jeff thought: "We'll have no more of that."

He said: "You're right, it's going to be hard to take. They ought to have some kind of spigot in your mind that you could turn girls on and off with, and especially off. Or, look: a button. See? You press this button and a boy pops up and says, 'Did you ring, sir?' And you say: 'Sure I rang. Escort this certain lady right out of my mind and bring me nineteen big brunettes to think about instead.' "

The light touch; that was the idea.

"And not a single towhead?" Polly asked. "No towheads ever any more, Jeff? Ever?"

She leaned against him and her eyes were big and round and blue. She blinked exaggerated lashes at him, pouting.

"Not even itsy-bitsy Polly, Jeff?" she sighed.

She snickered and Jeff snickered with her, and it sounded good. He said: "You're on the threshold of a horrible career, you little ape."

"I languish dandy, don't I, Jeff?" she said.

THEY pulled up at the long, low house; and there was Sylvia. Jeff looked at her and it was Sylvia all right, like no one else. The way she held her head, a little high; her graceful and unhurried walk as she came down the steps; her slow smile and the way her voice was, kind of low and with disturbing undertones. She called, "Hello, Jeff," and then turned to the tall young man beside her and they came on toward the car together.

Jeff started to get out. He felt his arm squeezed. Polly whispered: "Jeff, no matter what—what happens, I'm on your side."

Well, she was the only one, Jeff thought an hour later, dressing for the dance that evening at the country club. The light touch; well, he hadn't had much help with it from anyone but Polly. He'd congratulated George and patted Sylvia and done pretty well, he'd thought. From then on, he had figured, he had been entitled to a little help. Instead there'd been a queer, uncomfortable atmosphere that had disturbed and puzzled him. They'd talked too much about too many things that didn't matter; nervously, it seemed to Jeff, and with a sort of still, rehearsed collaboration. There was something they were keeping hidden, anyone could see that.

Jeff told himself: "It's just because you're Sylvia's rejected suitor that they act that way." The explanation wouldn't do, though. Why, the Drakes were "family" almost, to Jeff. Why, Mrs. Drake had been "Aunt Beth" as long as Jeff remembered. She had written, asking him to come, and now she sat and fluttered at him in a queer, embarrassed way that wasn't natural at all. And Sylvia! There wasn't any reason why she shouldn't treat him just as always. They had never really been engaged. She'd known that he had hopes, of course, and now you'd think she would be extra nice to him to let him down as easily as possible. Instead, her eyes avoided his; there was an implication almost of resentment in her manner.

Jeff thought: "Snap out of it. You're simply sore because you lost your girl. It's all imagination and you'd better snap out of it." And he thought: "Well, you've got one friend anyway." He thought about her, grinning. Syl's kid sister, growing up to look like that, and to be like that. No matter how the rest of them had changed about him, he was still "old Jeff" to Polly. "I'm on your side, Jeff." Jeff thought about that and it helped.

Jeff went downstairs and voices stopped as he went toward the library. He seemed to run against the jagged edges of a conversation, hastily sawed off at his approach. They were having cocktails, Jeff saw; Sylvia and George were having them, at least. Jeff somehow got the idea they'd been having them for quite a while. George handed him a glass and Jeff sat down by Mrs. Drake and felt uncomfortable. He said: "It's mighty good to be here, Aunt Beth," and it sounded flat.

George rose and walked across the room and stood in front of Jeff. He said: "Well, Baldwin, I guess now is just as good a time as any for our little talk."

Jeff looked at him, surprised. He said, "What little talk?" and no one answered.

Mrs. Drake was fluttering her small hands nervously and making futile little clucking sounds. She said: "But, George, I—I—"

And George said: "Now, now, Mother Drake. Just let me handle this. No reason why this should be embarrassing to anyone." He drained his glass and said: "Unless there *is* a reason."

JEFF looked around him. Sylvia was sitting with a stiff and set expression, staring at her empty cocktail glass. He looked at Aunt Beth and her eyes avoided his. He looked at Polly and her face was flaming. She said, suddenly: "Don't let him, Mother, don't!"

George said: "Baldwin will agree with me that there's no reason why we shouldn't come directly to the point. You see, Baldwin, in addition to being Sylvia's fiancé, I have been appointed Mrs. Drake's attorney. Do you see?"

"I see," Jeff said, and understanding smacked against him with the jarring impact of an unexpected blow. No wonder Polly hadn't found it possible to tell him. He looked at her. Her eyes said, "I'm on your side, Jeff." It helped him get control. He said again, his face expressionless, "I see."

George was talking. No, not talking; he was reading lines; the lines he'd written for his big scene. You could see how he was relishing the flavor of his words.

"As Mrs. Drake's attorney and adviser," George was saying smoothly, "I must say I found it very startling that she knew so little of her own affairs; that they had been conducted without supervision from the time of Mr. Drake's death."

JEFF fought down anger. He said, quietly: "My father supervised Aunt Beth's affairs."

"Ah, yes," George said. "Ah, yes."

He might as well have put the implication into words, for what he meant was clear. He meant, "Who supervised your father?"

"My father was the sole trustee," Jeff said.

"Quite," George said. "Quite. And since his death you've acted in the same capacity and have been permitted quite the same—er—shall we say delightful freedom from restraint?"

Polly cried out suddenly: "Stop! I won't listen to another word! I won't, I won't, I won't!" Her face was flaming and her hands were clenched. She rose and marched across the room and out. Jeff thought: "You've got to keep cool, fellow. This is what Dad feared. You've got to keep cool."

Jeff said: "I've carried on as Father wished, with Mrs. Drake's consent. Judge Severance attended to the legal details making me trustee."

"It has been nine years," George said, "since the Baldwins first began to handle Mrs. Drake's affairs. In all that time I find no record anywhere of any formal statement made her; any effort at accounting."

"There hasn't been one asked for," Jeff said.

"Ah!" George said. "And now we're getting to the point. There is one asked for now. Ah, quite emphatically."

Jeff said, "Aunt Beth!"

She looked at him and Jeff saw that her eyes were misty. She said: "Oh, Jefferson, I—I—"

But George Barnes wouldn't let her finish. He went quickly to her, saying: "Now—now—Mother Drake. Remember, this is all in my hands now."

Nothing he could do or say, Jeff realized, would be a bit of good. They'd had too many talks about this; George had had too long to influence them, to nerve them to this point. He'd been preparing this too carefully, and nothing Jeff could do or say would stop him.

YES, this was what Jeff's father feared might happen. He had made that clear to Jeff in that last talk they'd had, when he had told Jeff the whole story. He had said: "Well, that's the story, Jeff. You'll marry Sylvia, I hope, and then—well, then it will be in the family. If they had given me just another year or so perhaps I could have worked it out as I have always meant to—but the doctors say not. And it's pretty tough for you, old boy, to have to carry on from here, the way things are. If anything should happen, Jeff—"

Well, it was happening. Jeff said: "I suppose nearly everyone whose affairs have been managed by someone else these last few years feels that—that things might have been handled better. It's been a pretty bad time for trustees. It's been a pretty bad time for incomes."

"Very bad," George said, "especially for the Drakes. From twenty thousand a year to three or four hundred a month is—"

Jeff said: "Things are getting better now, though. Very much so. I—I expect Mrs. Drake's income to increase a great deal. Very rapidly."

George told him grimly: "So do I. A great deal. Practically at once."

(Continued on page 28)

Harry L. Timmins

George said: "Now, now, Mother Drake. Just let me handle this"

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Marriage for Revenue

By George Agnew Chamberlain

The Story Thus Far:

HAVING learned that his partner, Adsit Abbott, is a scoundrel, Larry Raglan sells his interest in the firm of Abbott, Raglan & Company, brokers, to Abbott, who, gambling secretly, has made a fortune in Wall Street. Starting a new firm, Raglan & Company, he takes with him from the old firm Regis Mulholland, who becomes his secretary; Kit Bilderback, and one "Happy," an office boy. And complications develop.

Raglan's wife, Eleanor, has divorced him. A suave, avaricious woman, she has never loved him. Now, seeing profitable possibilities in Adsit Abbott, she is having an affair with him. But Abbott also has his eyes on another woman. The most beautiful woman he has ever seen. *Regis Mulholland.* . . . A girl of social prominence, Regis had secured a job to augment an income made more slender by the death of her brother. Her brother's widow, Dora Mulholland, had been shocked by the news. A snobbish climber, she had feared what the gossips might say. Whereupon, she had gone to Raglan, explained the situation, begged him to discharge Regis. Raglan had refused to coöperate. But from that moment on, seeing much of Dora, he had been her slave. And—as Regis goes her way, calmly, not dreaming that her employer, whom she admires, has ever heard of Dora Mulholland—she makes her subtle plans to marry him.

A meeting between the two women in Raglan's office leads to a stormy scene. Dora, it seems, is jealous of Regis, who presently leaves the office, encounters Abbott. Angry at Raglan, hurt by his intimacy with Dora, she accepts Abbott's invitation to go motoring. And an hour later she finds herself playing golf with him at one of his country clubs. Another shock follows. Eleanor is there. Abbott, it appears, had broken a golfing date with her, because of "an important business conference!" Furious, she confronts him, expresses herself quite freely on the subject of "liars and cads." . . .

Raglan has one real love: his home. Eleanor had loathed it—it is old and dingy: it is in an unfashionable part of the city. But Dora "adores" it—so she says. And presently she inveigles Raglan into marrying her. . . . Tony Allerton, a shrewd young financier, goes to work for Raglan. But Raglan, planning a big coup, is miserable. Dora does not love him. She detests his home. The truth comes out during a quarrel. Then – "Get out of here," says Raglan, "*before I throw you out!*" And Dora, terrified, slips out.

VII

RAGLAN was pleasantly surprised by the caliber of the lawyer Dora entrusted with the settlement of her affairs. Mr. Cowper was a serious young man, the junior member of a small but respectable firm. He had been a friend of Don Mulholland and as coexecutor attended to the distribution of the trust fund of which Dora and Regis were beneficiaries. Fortunately he called up Raglan for an appointment, giving the latter an opportunity to name a meeting place other than his office. He proceeded to do so, asking Mr. Cowper as a special favor to come to Stuyvesant Square at four o'clock.

Raglan's reason for this course of action was quite clear to his own mind. He knew nothing as yet of Mr. Cowper's connection with Regis' affairs but he did know that nobody in the office was acquainted with any details of his private life and it was his intention to prolong that condition indefinitely. No one, not even Allerton, had spoken to him of his marriage to Dora, and for all he knew, the very news of it, buried beneath the avalanche of excitement which at the time was shaking the Street, might not have come to the attention of any of his immediate associates. He left the office with a cool brain, functioning as smoothly as oiled steel, and arrived to find the lawyer waiting for him.

"I had a double reason for asking you to come here, Mr. Cowper. In the first place I wish to keep this matter absolutely private—private, I mean, even from my own office force. The other reason is that I wanted you to see this house."

"It's a delightful old place," murmured Mr. Cowper. "It reminds me of an island."

"Exactly," said Raglan. "Did Mrs.—" He halted abruptly, actually at a loss for an instant as to Dora's proper appellation, so briefly had she been his wife. "Did Mrs. Raglan give you any idea of the cause of our sudden rupture?"

"ONLY vaguely," said Mr. Cowper, "and I must say the grounds seemed insufficient. Before we go any further, Mr. Raglan, I'd like to tell you how I stand in this unfortunate matter. Don Mulholland was my friend, possibly the best friend I ever had. I didn't know Mrs. Mulholland very well, but I've had a feeling that she's been lost without Don—I mean more completely uprooted than the average woman would be under similar circumstances. Such being the case, when I read the notice of her marriage to you I was so pleased it was as if a load had been lifted off my own shoulders. I'm telling you all this with a definite purpose. Isn't there some way that the three of us, acting together or separately in a friendly spirit, might arrive at a reconciliation?"

"None whatever," said Raglan promptly; "not the slightest chance. I won't bore you by trying to explain what this place means to me, Mr. Cowper; it's enough to say it's tied up with the roots of my life. Mrs. Raglan, on that evening Dora Mulholland, lied to me in regard to her feeling about it. She lied deliberately, the purpose being marriage by hook or by crook, and I'm confident I could prove her intention before a court of law should it come to a showdown. If I'm right in that assumption I don't have to tell you what her chances would be of receiving a single cent in the way of a cash settlement, or even of winning a decree as the innocent party."

"Come, come," interjected Mr. Cowper. "You know you wouldn't do that, Mr. Raglan. After all, my client is a lady and public comment alone would prevent you from suing for a divorce."

"Oh, all right," said Abbott despairingly, "have it your own way. Send all you've got of your finest carnations to this address"

"Would it?" said Raglan in his quietest tone. "Listen, Mr. Cowper: if you and I can't come to an agreement, as sure as we're sitting here I promise you I'll enter suit tomorrow morning. Furthermore, I'll employ the most expert legal talent available and if necessary I'll spend half a million to see that your client is shown up in her true light and left without a penny. Do I have to remind you that the courts of this state, as well as the general public to which you referred, are getting pretty well fed up on these marriages for revenue only? Think it over."

Mr. Cowper's eyes fell before the unflinching gaze of his opponent. "What do you suggest in the way of an agreement?" he asked after a brief silence.

"I'm inclined to be generous," said Raglan, rising and striding up and down before the open fire, his hands thrust deep in his pockets. "No," he continued, "generous isn't the word, nor even lenient. I'll be frank with you and say that what I give I'll pay willingly as the price of getting myself out of the nastiest hole I've ever been in. I'll look on it as a just penance, incurred by my own blindness and stupidity."

"What is this offer you consider so ample?"

"If Dora will get a straight divorce with the minimum of publicity I'll sign a contract to pay her five hundred a month for life, or until such time as she should remarry."

"YES," said Mr. Cowper thoughtfully, "I concede that to be a generous settlement—as much as she could reasonably expect."

"You make me laugh!" exclaimed Raglan. "Taking as a basis the thousand a month I'm paying the first Mrs. Raglan for living on me for five years, Dora is getting about a hundred times too much for her ten days." He stopped and stood scowling at the floor. "But it's worth it," he murmured—"worth it to me, I mean. There's a price for being a fool, and a man ought to pay it even if it's in the form of a voluntary contribution."

He saw the lawyer out with a feeling of relief out of proportion to the satisfaction he felt over the arrangement at which they had arrived. He was free in a new sense—free as he had not been at his final parting from Eleanor, free as only a man can be who is convinced he has served a last sentence and entered upon immunity. His vision, taking on a keen edge, perceived his past as a losing struggle to walk along two diverging paths. He beheld two men, Raglan the would-be homemaker, and Raglan the striding wizard of finance. Now, standing alone in the center of his barnlike living-room, he caught a last glimpse of Raglan the home-maker and saw him for what he was—a whimsical idiot, a ball of putty pock-marked with the imprints of the small feet of women.

He glanced at his watch, saw that the hour was still early and hurried out on a pilgrimage of all those shops where he had ticketed objects he had considered desirable though overpriced. He plunged into an orgy of buying, not only on that evening but for several afternoons thereafter. He summoned paper hangers and upholsterers. His efforts, overrunning the needs of his personal living quarters, spread to the whole house. He fitted out the basement dining-room in baronial style and amused himself with dolling up the extra bedrooms for the mere joy he found in doing away with emptiness.

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Illustrated by Carl Mueller

Regis was dumfounded at receiving as large a bouquet of carnations as was ever delivered in New York

But even at the highest pitch of his buying spree some instinct withheld him from the sin of cluttering. Ample space remained, even in the living-room itself, for many a choice purchase through many a year. What he gained immediately was a sense of ease within a self-contained world. Gone the aspect of an oasis within a desert; in its place bloomed a region where his feet could wander or be at rest, where his eyes could reflect the sheen of friendly objects or dwell in shadows in their company.

OUTSIDE, in the office, through the length and breadth of the Street, his mind remained undivided, keener to its purpose than ever before. But once home—once he had slammed the heavy arched door on the slums without—he suspected the whimsical Raglan of coming to life within a dream. So sharp was the line of division it permitted no spying to the eye of the strider, but there was often evidence in the morning that the tramp had been making himself free of the house—disreputable slippers, dottles at the side of the open fire from half a dozen pipes, books lying around between whose covers he had attended Rabelaisian orgies in company with vagrants as shameless as himself. Raglan, the man of business, had a tolerant smile for these traces of Bohemia, but he kept his deductions secret, fearful of the misunderstanding jeers of the outer world.

In time it came to seem that by crossing his own threshold he stepped from one into another life, unshared even by Tony Allerton—least of all by Tony. This appeared extraordinary, for during business hours his young associate had become as necessary as the common air they breathed. Raglan talked to him as he talked to himself in thought. He opened his mind, not only making free to the younger man its innermost channels, but enabling him to perceive the processes by which it arrived at its crashing decisions. In those days of rocketing stocks, of four-way splits, of pyramiding mergers and subterranean amalgamations Tony came to regard his friend and leader as rock rather than man; he even went so far as to nickname him Gib, short for Gibraltar.

"First know everything there is to know, Tony," said Raglan, "then hit and hit hard. Here's this Tungsten frame-up. They've pushed their A stock up through the deep blue sky, but they're still buying. Why?"

"Because it votes two to one over the common."

"THAT part's easy, and again I ask you—why? Don't bother to answer; I'll tell you. It isn't any question of a four-to-one split. It goes deeper than that. What they're heading for is something they've got to get at almost any price—a simplification of an awkward financial set-up. There are always rocks in the way of a move like that—rocks everybody can see; but once in a while there's a buried snag that crops out of the mud just far enough to rip the ship wide open if the pilot fails to smell and dodge it."

The pupils of Allerton's eyes narrowed to pin points that seemed to bore into Raglan's brain. "You've been doing some smelling on your own account," he declared.

Raglan nodded briefly. "Over in Jersey there's an underlying obligation represented by a small parcel of bonds having certain amazing restrictions. The entire parcel is the property of an estate. The bonds aren't listed over the counter or anywhere else. Not one of them has ever changed hands since the day of issue. You're going over there to buy the lot."

"It doesn't sound so easy," said Allerton slowly, "but if you say it can be done, I'll do it."

"Here's your line of attack," proceeded Raglan. "The original issue was for a measly fifty thousand, bearing interest at seven per cent. It was apparently a purchase of land, a franchise or a right of way from some old codger who made up his mind that he, his heirs and assigns ad infinitum, were going to have at least three thousand five hundred a year through all eternity."

"Only fifty thousand!" said Allerton, puzzled. "It begins to look possible. How far am I authorized to go?"

"You'll take along a certified check for a hundred thousand as earnest money to nail the deal," said Raglan, "and you can contract to pay as high as a million without calling me up."

"A million!" gasped Tony.

(Continued on page 42)

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The Captain Entertains

By Jacland Marmur

A charming host, Captain Penworthy—and greatly admired by the women. Which does not explain what he did one stormy night, while playing bridge, with a ship in distress near by

CAPTAIN JONATHAN PENWORTHY stood in the wing of the Monrovia's lofty bridge, staring far down at the darkening sea, the remote sea which once he had known in such roistering intimacy. Innumerable decks separated him from it now; he had climbed, in forty-five years, to the height of his profession. The liner's side was black steel in the gathering night, black velvety steel gouged with holes of light. Tier on tier, her decks rose. There were people there, hundreds of them, lining the rails in belated and lingering farewell to the land. Vagrant light danced on a face, singling it out of the throng; on a hairy hand; on a girl's lips suddenly upturned in laughter.

A boat rocked and bounced at the liner's side, waiting for a man with a little black bag to leap into it at the proper instant from a rope ladder suspended from a gaping wound in the Monrovia's mountainous side. The sea was beginning to curl; but the Monrovia merely swayed with confident severity, impatient to discharge her pilot before setting out on her accustomed North Atlantic crossing. . . . And Captain Penworthy waited, too, his gray eyes calm and steady and a little bit tired under the peak of a uniform cap loaded heavily with gold filigree.

Ah, there! Made it that time. The ladder, swaying loosely, was coming back aboard.

Captain Penworthy turned toward his chief officer.

"Pilot is clear." His voice had a melancholy bass resonance, like the echo of a rich old bell. "Look after her, Mr. Barnes."

He gave no further order. It was quite unnecessary. He stared forward. The sea was piling in. Easterly weather smelling. But what difference did the weather make? The weather wasn't important any longer. The commander's eyes brooded as he walked from the bridge with slow and measured dignity.

IN THE sleeping-room of his private suite, Captain Penworthy slowly drew off his bridge coat and dropped it and his cap to the deep rich plush of an easy chair. His fine head barely cleared the mahogany overhead, for he was a tall solid man with the shoulders of a Gloucester fisherman and the chest of a Cape Stiff driver, a man built to last a century. His hair was gray; his little beard and the cliffs of his brows full brown; and his face had the stern calm of knowledge and strength and skill. The ships he had served; the things he had done; the men he had known!

Opposite him a shabby old patrol jacket swayed indolently on the polished bulkhead. Captain Penworthy never used it any more; it had no braid on its sleeves. But he looked at it with strangely wistful eyes for so severe and dignified a shipmaster. No; that old patrol jacket wasn't burdened with insignia—a good, serviceable seacoat. It belonged to the days of the Cape Horn trade, to the time of the barque Bengala, the three-skysail-yarder Mirapa, to the days when the world and Jonathan Penworthy were young; when all he wanted was the sting of harsh salt spume in his face, and his own strength to give back yell for yell to any easterly gale.

He raised his hands absently, long, lean, muscular hands. But they dropped to his sides almost at once. There were four inches of braid on those sleeves, with an anchor woven above. It was heavy, all that gold. It kept you solid on your feet. It kept you from chucking the liners and finding an ill-smelling ocean tramp to command, where you could eat the hard bread of the sea and feel the hard smack of its weight and know the meaning of its age-old threat.

It gave you dignity and social position, all that gold on your sleeve, though it left you little else. But you had to have it. Aye; you had to have it, with the master's lady on a Long Island estate and two grown daughters to keep in the swim. Their group portrait faced the commander from a round, polished metal frame in the panel, to remind him of his worth and his mature responsibilities: a cold-browed matron and two inviting young women, gay and softly beautiful.

UNDER his feet the liner throbbed with a strong disciplined rhythm, disdainful of sea and wind and weather. Twenty-two knots an hour for the North Atlantic trade. Mails aboard,

You had to have an instinct for important people to be master of an ocean leviathan these days

and important people, and a schedule to keep as tight as a drum. The master was not to be annoyed by trifling affairs of operation. It was the strictest rule of the company. He had more urgent matters to look after. Wouldn't do for him to show his face on the bridge. There was nothing for him to do there. The watch officers would resent it. It wasn't done. And it would tarnish all that gold. Captain Penworthy sighed, glanced at his spotlessly perfect uniform in a panel mirror, and reached his braid-bound arm for the knob of the door. . . .

The third evening east of Ambrose Channel Light found the commander's luxurious drawing-room bubbling with polite and subdued laughter. Captain Penworthy was entertaining old friends of the ship, the most important people aboard. You had to have an instinct for important people to be master of an ocean leviathan these days. This was the substance of his labor, the pinnacle of his hard profession: to keep a millionaire, a woman famous in the Sunday supplements of two continents, and the wife of a great politician amused, relaxed, content, unaware of the sea outside. It wanted dignity, poise, a knowledge of the social amenities. And it was important that it be done well, for upon so flimsy a foundation rested the success or failure of a maritime investment of many, many millions.

They were intent on their twentieth rubber of bridge, elated and very gay. They were well on the way to beating the record of their previous crossing when they'd only managed twenty-five for the entire voyage. The polished teakwood panels, glittering with crystals of light, reflected with equal indifference the rotundity of Robert Quinby, magnate of steel, and the lovely bare shoulders of Margaret Storrs and the oldish Mrs. Streeter.

A steward fluttered about, chilling a fresh bottle, adjusting a delicate tray of insignificant caviar sandwiches. Captain Penworthy, smiling with restrained dignity, shuffled the cards, the braided sleeves of his dress uniform resting just on the edge of the little table. Outside, an easterly gale brawled obscenely, but it received no attention whatever in the magnificence of the cabin. The Monrovia dove a little, charging the smoking graybeards. There was a faint hissing, a subdued savagery. No one but Captain Penworthy remembered that it was the sea.

He could think so many unimportant things, as he studied his cards and replied quite normally to the conversation and the necessities of the game of bridge.

HE WONDERED, as he bid and nodded and made polite and correct answers to the banter, much as a trained monkey might, he wondered mildly what in the world he was doing there. Making a comfortable crossing for these very important people. Excellent contacts, Mrs. Penworthy said quite often. Fancy a sailor engrossed in making contacts! For beneath all that gold and polish, Jonathan Penworthy *was* a sailor.

That left hand of his that swallowed thirteen cards entirely had known the ring and the bite of ice-stiff canvas thundering on a weather yardarm. There was a contact he wasn't likely ever to forget! He wondered, as he bid four spades, if it was still the same; the wind, the sea, the wild crash of it, the impersonal fury that was the issue of no human greed or malice, but

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simply the result of natural forces. A thing easily understood. It was whistling out there. He could hear it. He knew what it meant.

Robert Quinby promptly doubled the bid.

Captain Penworthy looked at him and flashed a quick smile. He knew, that hard-faced magnate of steel. Four spades was nonsense; couldn't be made. You couldn't fool him. That's why he ruled a continent, half the civilized world. Not because he made good steel and sold it fairly. As a matter of fact, he didn't make steel at all. You didn't make a fortune that way these days, not out of steel or the work of your hands. You made fortunes out of men. That's why Robert Quinby was important enough to play bridge in the commander's drawing-room.

THERE was Margaret Van Vleet Storrs, his partner, spreading out her hand with a dignified little sigh, because she, too, knew the contract to be so hopeless of success. But she smiled at him reassuringly as her delicately groomed fingers curved gracefully about the stem of a champagne glass. What in the world was she thinking about? Captain Penworthy didn't know. It was hard to tell. The truth was that—with every discretion, of course!—her agile brain was taking the master's measure. He was awfully interesting. What a huge, virile male! There was stamina in him, and strength. There was still left in her somewhere the tattered remnant of the genuine female, and this sighed faintly with distinct resignation. He would never do for Margaret Storrs, and it was a pity.

Captain Penworthy started the play. He played the hand rather well. . . . But Margaret Storrs kept engaging the back of his mind. Margaret Storrs was known the world over. She was an important passenger. What in blazes could her originally maiden name possibly have been? No one knew; it wasn't important. It was buried beneath those she had been periodically amalgamating with her own.

Her fame, the commander recalled, rested entirely on her many marriages and what she'd so astutely got out of them. Strange, how legalized and strictly formal vulgarities, properly publicized by the regular addition of wealth, could make a fortune and a pedestal of importance. It piqued the imagination of the world's societies.

Captain Penworthy had known girls in his youth who'd done much the same sort of thing in odd corners of the earth. But most of them had not thought it necessary to change their names each time. Therein was the largeness of their fault. For Margaret Storrs had done very well for herself. Not because she offered anything extraordinary. As a matter of fact, she offered nothing more than that which, roughly, fifty per cent of the world's population possessed. . . . A finesse failed. Captain Penworthy grimaced. . . . But, like Robert Quinby, she was important because she had made a fortune out of men. Out of love. Good Lord! The commander thought, I've been in love with women myself. More than one. Pity the man who hasn't. But there is something indecent about this.

LOVE, he reflected, was no longer an emotion, the burning, endlessly rekindling flame of life. Not for Margaret Storrs. Love, too, had been incorporated and put on a dividend-paying basis. Each succeeding husband was captured, no doubt, in the mystery of it. What was it that had snared the others? They were hard-headed men of wealth, all of them. Must be something splendid she had; some stirring and exotic delights she lavished, unknown to ordinary women. They paid handsomely for whatever it was they learned and went their way in gentlemanly silence. And Margaret Storrs grew decidedly more important and more wealthy.

Simply to make love was quite elementary. Like Robert Quinby's original little foundry; a very simple business. It wouldn't do. Quinby had organized a gigantic holding company that made neither steel nor anything else. It made neatly engraved papers, if anything. The holding company was what made the fortune, not the steel. Margaret Storrs had done well to follow such illustrious precedent. Her holding company had done almost as well for her as Quinby's Amalgamated Steel.

By Jove! She was well groomed, though. A little worn and tired, perhaps. Well, you had to go through certain wearying legal motions, even in the accumulation of a fortune. Why in blazes was she looking at him that way? Lord! There was a hint of desire behind those cold, shrewd eyes. Impossible. Must be the sparkle of the champagne. Gone entirely now. He was mistaken. Desire? Desire in Margaret Storrs would only befuddle her judgment. Wouldn't do at all. . . . Captain Penworthy had been defeated three tricks on his four-spade contract.

"Teach you not to bid rashly against King Quinby," Mrs. Streeter murmured pleasantly. She had almost forgotten that Mr. Streeter was playing an entirely different game on the glass-enclosed promenade deck below them.

"Too bad, Captain," Quinby comforted, jotting down the penalty.

"Quite all right, partner. Our turn soon."

Margaret Storrs did have a charming voice, and she knew the proper thing to say. Captain Penworthy smiled.

"Over-exerted myself that time, I'm afraid," he acknowledged.

"Captain, if you ever really did—" Margaret Storrs shot him a glance of her eyes as sharp as a rapier's point—"I wonder what would happen?"

They all joined in the laughter. The steward stolidly filled glasses and passed the caviar. They hadn't time to waste if they wanted to get beyond twenty-five rubbers for the crossing. Robert Quinby was already ruffling the cards with nervous energy. He looked up as a discreet tap sounded on the master's door. The steward lifted his eyes in outraged astonishment. Interruption? And from the door leading to the bridge ladderway, of all places! Unheard of. What was the chief officer thinking of to allow such annoyance?

He hastened to the door and accepted a slip of paper from a quartermaster who hurried away at once from those hallowed quarters. It was plain from the steward's face, as he delivered the note to the commander, that he disapproved such social irregularities.

Captain Penworthy frowned and murmured apology. Then he stared at Mr. Barnes' firm, thin handwriting. The message was crisp. Mr. Barnes had not for an instant forgotten the schedule.

"*Rockets sighting on the starboard bow. The wireless has heard nothing. I am proceeding as usual.*"

Mrs. Storrs thought the captain looked frightfully annoyed. Embarrassing to be interrupted that way while entertaining. She knew. Why did they bother the commander with trifles? But something had happened in Jonathan Penworthy's eyes. He rose slowly from his chair. They looked up at him, startled. From their seated positions he towered above them.

"I'm terribly sorry," he murmured. "Something I shall have to attend to. You'll forgive me? Please don't go. Amuse the ladies, Mr. Quinby. Won't you? I'd be very grateful."

Then he turned on his heel and went out quickly.

"Mr. Barnes!"

They heard the master's voice beyond the closed door. It was not the voice they knew. They had never heard it before. It cracked like a whip—harsh, cruel, the voice of command. Margaret Storrs winced—with delight.

But on the Monrovia's uneasy bridge, Jonathan Penworthy stood in the starboard wing, waiting for returning vision to pierce the eerie murk of an easterly gale white with driving snow and smoking spoondrift.

Captain Penworthy's eyes narrowed. He could see better now. He was clear of soft light, soft flesh, soft speech that masked beneath its softness the ruthless human greeds. Aye; he could see better now in the darkness of this reality. Vision returned, and with it memory. Memory of many things. . . .

The chief officer was at his side, a little worried at the Old Man's presence. His face was wet and drawn with the weather.

"Sorry — bothered you, sir," he screamed in the commander's ear. "We can do nothing, of course. Old windbag having—time of it."

Captain Penworthy hadn't heard those wind-broken sentences. He studied the foundering schooner. She jerked abruptly in and out of his vision. Dismasted. Spars, shrouds, lashing canvas hung from her deck in hideous confusion. Only her poop was above the wash of the exploding sea. A rocket burst in the mute agony of its appeal. Captain Penworthy lowered his glasses.

"Shape up to that, Mr. Barnes," he said.

"Good Lord, sir! You're not thinking—"

"Shape to windward of that schooner!" Mr. Barnes stepped back from that roaring voice. It staggered him. This was not the man he knew. He noticed with startling suddenness that the master's sleeves were bare of gold braid. It was an old patrol jacket Penworthy wore, and the sea was in his eyes. "Come as close as you dare. You've handled this ship enough to know how. Send the bo's'un and five good men to the boat deck. I shall take them over myself."

"You can't do that, sir! You're—"

"I'm the least likely to be missed."

Captain Penworthy said this quite simply and turned for the ladderway. Mr. Barnes stared after him. The

(Continued on page 31)

Harry Morse Meyers

He was back on the sea again. Clear of the commander's suite. It was still the same!

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Thunder in the Dust

By Alan LeMay

Illustrated by Ronald McLeod

The Story Thus Far:

BESET by cattle thieves, Tom Cloud, owner of the Flying K ranch, in the Valley of the Witch, Mexico, needs a partner—a fighter who, understanding the marauders, can deal with them effectively. He finds the right man in a mysterious personage known as "El Fuerte," a swaggering braggart who, while disposing of the thieves, kills the son of the most powerful man in the valley: the wealthy Solano.

The killing, Cloud feels sure, means trouble. He is, therefore, much surprised when Solano calls on him and gives him a friendly warning to beware of El Fuerte. The warning Cloud disregards. In his eyes El Fuerte is merely a harmless braggart—and a very useful ally. He does not suspect the truth:

The Mexican is plotting a revolution. With del Pino, his "secretary," and other crafty henchmen, he is organizing the natives, arming them, preparing for the great day when "Mexico will be free!" And he is making other plans—less important but fully as sinister in spirit. He has met Kathleen Boyce, a lovely woman who is living at a near-by hacienda with her husband, John Boyce. He knows that Boyce is a drunken brute; that Kathleen loathes him. He has observed, furthermore, that he, the fascinating El Fuerte, exercises an almost hypnotic influence over Mrs. Boyce; that she is strangely stirred by his presence. Knowing all this, he looks to the future eagerly.

Not so Tom Cloud. He is in love with Kathleen Boyce. Aware that she returns his love, he can foresee nothing but wretchedness for either of them. Then—a bolt from the blue—John Boyce is murdered! One Pepe, a mule-man, is, it seems certain, the murderer. He is arrested. He tries to escape—is killed. But *as only El Fuerte knows*, Pepe did not kill John Boyce. A strong, ruthless man did the killing: *El Fuerte!*

With the Mexican, Cloud rides to the near-by town of La Partida. A fiesta is in progress. Crowds fill the streets. El Fuerte receives an ovation as he rides proudly to his destination—the *alcalde's* home. There, vibrant with excitement, he tells Cloud of his revolutionary schemes, invites the American to join him. "I'll give you my answer tomorrow," says Cloud, and rides to Kathleen's hacienda.

An hour later he returns to the town with Kathleen. During the ride he has told her of El Fuerte's bold move. Now, standing in the *alcalde's* home, watching the surging populace, he glances at Kathleen. She is pale, trembling. "What," he asks, "is the matter?" Kathleen turns to him. "*I—I don't know*," she whispers.

IX

THE shuffling shift of the hundreds who had never been in this town before, who had no normal business here—that would have put tension into anybody, whether he knew what it was about or not. In a great city this gathering would have been only a handful, but here in this country of desert hills it represented the rise of a people. Once they broke loose and began to run wild over the country, anything could happen.

Cloud understood why Kathleen should be stirred, even shaken, by the thing that was happening here. Yet, because this woman was woven deeply into his heart, there was a twinge of pain in his throat for a moment—the trembling of her fingers under his own rock-steady hand made the slender frailty of her body so near and real.

Cloud himself, watching the bravo swagger of certain tall men in the crowd below, was experiencing a great warlike lift of spirits.

Looking down upon the swarming plaza, Cloud knew that El Fuerte would succeed. He no longer considered the possibility of checking El Fuerte; El Fuerte could neither be stopped nor beaten. He would sweep the peninsula like wildfire, rising irrepressibly to his destined fortunes at last. Del Pino had been right, Cloud had guessed wrong.

He said slowly, "I don't know but what I'd kind of like to ride with them, when they go."

"Why don't you?" Kathleen said instantly. "How can you keep from it?"

He shook his head. "No point to it. I've got work to do here. Let him do his stuff—I'll do mine."

Yet even while he heard himself say that, he knew that he was half drunk with the fever of conquest. He had no illusions as to El Fuerte's brand of patriotism, saw no choice between one government in Baja and another, so far as the good of the people went. But the spirit of the filibusters, the hard-handed saddle adventurers of the old frontier, was rising to his head. He was not forgetting that El Fuerte would bring ruin upon the Flying K if he failed. What was beating in his mind more strongly, like the beat of the drums, was that El Fuerte's success would mean to him fortune untold. Nothing could stop a partner of El Fuerte—if El Fuerte won.

"LOOK," he said, turning to Kathleen. "We don't know what the end of this will be. El Fuerte will seize the towns all right. And I believe there's a good chance that he can get himself confirmed as governor, too. But the whole works stands or falls on a couple of throws of the dice. I think you ought to know that if El Fuerte is beaten, the Flying K is wiped out."

"Because you're his partner?"

Cloud nodded. "Solano sure aches to get me. If El Fuerte loses out, the Flying K is up against confiscation, no less."

"And you—what will happen to you then? Do you think they'd go so far as—"

"Oh, if El Fuerte falls down, I'd better be long gone, all right. No question of that. But either side of the border, if El Fuerte breaks, I break with him."

"But he won't break," Kathleen said in so curious a voice that he looked at her sharply. "I know he won't."

Cloud shrugged. "If he wins out it'll mean—considerable advantage. The Flying K will run more cattle than have been seen under one brand since the old days, before we're through. Point is, we can't know which way she'll jump; not yet."

"You can do a good deal toward his success, I should think," Kathleen said.

"I've pretty close to decided to do what I can. But I want you to know this: I never owned a calf, or a pony, or a length of rope without I made it myself. If I go down I'll come up again—faster this time than before. Up or down, they'll never stop me. Can you believe that?"

"Tom, anybody that knows you would know that."

HE WAS silent for a moment, turned full toward her, his eyes on her face. Her dark, soft hair was back-lighted by the mild candlelight; but the pulsing red-gold light from torch and flame was strong upon her face, and the light of the flames was reflected in her eyes. A little pulse was beating in the hollow of her throat, as if in answer to the thudding of the drums. Frail as she seemed to him, he could see in her face the spirit of Spanish conquistadors, the glory of Irish kings.

He said humbly, "You believe in me, Kathleen?"

"Tom, you know that."

It was remarkable that any sound could mean as much to anyone as her voice meant to him. But his common sense was sorting out certain practical aspects of the storm that was brewing below. To a certain extent such a leader as El Fuerte could control his men, but no living leader could control all of them all the time. He distrusted the drunken, reckless riders that these brown saddle men would become when presently they went crazy with battle and success. He half believed that he ought to urge Kathleen to leave the country and get over the line; but he was afraid that if she obeyed him, which seemed unlikely, he might never see her again. He did not doubt his ability to win this woman and make her his own. Before the shock of John Boyce's death had so changed her, she had been as good as his already. But he was not at all sure that he could hold her imagination against distance and separation.

"Look," he said, "look here." His voice was uncertain. He could not get around the fact that lately she was more or less of an unknown quantity to him. "I don't know as I feel right about your living alone, there at the hacienda, the way this thing is boiling up around here."

She shot him a quick glance. "I've rather been expecting that," she said.

"Expecting what, Kathleen?"

"You're going to suggest that I leave for the border."

"No," he said slowly, "I don't believe I could ever ask you to go that far away from me again."

He felt her hand tighten upon the window bar, and his own fingers closed more strongly over hers. "Look here," he said; his voice was low and husky, his lips very close to her ear. "There's only one other way. I worship the ground you walk on—you know that. I can't let you go out of my life, not ever any more. If Boyce had lived I'd have taken you away from him, some day; even if it took all my life to do it. I could have done it, and I would have done it, Kathleen."

KATHLEEN BOYCE did not move, and her fingers were not trembling now; it seemed to him that they were cold under his hand.

He went on doggedly, feeling keenly the disadvantage of his situation, for she had given no sign that he could use for a guide. "I love you," he said. "I love you with all the heart there is in me, Kathleen. Nobody ever loved anybody any more truly than I love you."

He paused; with as great an intensity as he had ever known he was watching for the sign that still did not come. Below in the little smoke-hazed plaza the drum thunder rose and fell in a rolling, swaying beat. Tom Cloud said suddenly, "Dear God, Kathleen—don't you hear me at all?"

He saw her draw a deep, choking breath. She said almost inaudibly, "I hear you." Although no more than half an inch separated them, it seemed to him that she was a thousand miles away, utterly beyond his reach.

"Come here," he begged her. "Come here to me."

Suddenly he took her shoulders and made her face him. Her face was white and frightened, her eyes enormous and very dark; after an instant they did not meet his, but shifted right and left as if seeking escape. She averted her face toward the fire and the drums, and the light from the plaza glowed in her hair.

He took her in his arms and held her against him, and she stood unresisting. After a moment she let her head rest

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wearily against his chest, but without suggestion of surrender or response. It was as if she leaned against a patient horse. He pressed his mouth against her hair. "I'll split the West wide open for you, Kathleen! There's nothing in the world I can't get for you, given time. I want you to marry me, Kathleen."

A LONG moment passed, and another, filled with the insistent, drugging sound of the drums. At last Kathleen said: "Perhaps; some day. . . . *Quien sabe?*"

"Not some day—now. Tonight!"

She stirred in his arms as if she would move away from him, but did not. "I—that's impossible."

"Kathleen, why? If it's the ghost of that infernal Boyce—"

"I don't think it's that."

"Then what is it?"

"I don't think—I know myself what it is."

"Kathleen, Kathleen—"

She suddenly stiffened in his arms. "Look!" Her eyes were on the plaza.

For a moment he hesitated; then abruptly dropped his arms. Instantly she turned to the window. A ragged storm of cheering suddenly went up in the plaza, and sardonically Cloud's eyes followed hers.

Into the plaza El Fuerte rode. The machete-faced Bravo and two other horsemen were at his flanks, but though these men were tall, El Fuerte's long-legged palomino set him head and shoulders above them, as if he were someone out of some different, mightier race than theirs. He was wearing a white blouse with a high collar of the old military type, without insignia; its gold buttons made his big figure gleam and flash. The torchlight flickered, too, on the intricate silver of the palomino's headstall and saddle as it pranced, so that horse and man were a primitive glory, irresistible. El Fuerte waved his big leather-embroidered hat; the crowd shouted and threw things into the air, and some of them fired their guns.

Kathleen Boyce said in a queer voice, "Did you ever see anything like that in all your life?"

They were silent as El Fuerte rode slowly across the plaza toward the *alcalde's* house, the traveling center of a wild ovation.

As he drew near, del Pino ran out, a struggling little figure in his frock coat, and El Fuerte leaned low to hear what he said; then immediately stood up in his stirrups to wave exuberantly at the window from which they watched.

Dozens were clustered about El Fuerte's stirrups. Two or three red splotches that looked like the big blossoms from the *sangre de Cristo* vine struck against his white jacket; those would be from the bold-eyed girls. But now El Fuerte pressed his horse quickly through the crowd and, swinging down, disappeared under the balcony beneath their feet. The drums which had risen to a thundering diapason while El Fuerte was in the plaza subsided again to a hollow, endless growling; it was as if something which the drums had been trying to call out of the night had come there for a moment, then gone out of sight again.

EL FUERTE came clattering up the stairs with a great ringing of spurs. He was always a big man, but in the white military blouse he seemed taller than ever, and his shoulders looked enormous. And at the same time he seemed more compact than before, as if he were no longer a man getting on in years and thickening in the middle, but a youngster swinging into his first prime. He saluted them flamboyantly with an upward swing of both arms, and all his good teeth flashed in his triumphant grin. He was theatrical, he was stupendous; but somehow here against his background of stacked weapons and throbbing drums he was the most real figure in the room or in the night. It was as if he were the vital essence of a nation, of two races successfully welded into one.

He was theatrical; but somehow here he was the most real figure in the room or in the night

He came striding down the room, and struck Cloud mightily on the back with the flat of his hand. He set the whole room to vibrating merrily with the ring of his spurs and the impact of his high spirits. He picked up Kathleen bodily, with one arm about her waist, and kissed her mouth, then set her down again and whirled on one heel to the window. Kathleen pressed the back of one hand to her mouth; above it she looked at El Fuerte with astonished eyes. But before Cloud's resentment rose, El Fuerte had flung an arm across the shoulders of each of them and turned them to the window.

"Look, Mister! Look, *mi Señora!* What good fighting men have come here from a long way!"

Below, in the plaza, several of the crowd glimpsed his white jacket behind the bars of the window; somebody sailed a hat onto the balcony. El Fuerte hugged both Cloud and Kathleen, then released them and turned away. He was all triumphant energy tonight.

"I have two things I must do," he told them. "Then we all have a big supper here, no? With much to drink. I try not to be long—you wait here for me. Watch what you see there," he commanded with a wave at the window. "And think—this is only to begin! Tonight is not the night. Tomorrow night—then you see!"

He went clumping and ringing down the steep stairs and into the street.

For a little while Tom Cloud and Kathleen stood and stared at each other, as if left immovable in a vacuum caused by El Fuerte's withdrawal.

Then Kathleen cried out huskily, "Take me away from here! I want to go away from here. I want you to take me home."

THE sudden nervous fatigue that had come upon Kathleen Boyce must have made the five miles from La Partida to the hacienda seem interminable to her. The wind had turned damp and cold and raw; sometimes it moaned with a sound of vast emptiness up the flat Valley of the Witch. Twice Cloud felt a spit of rain. He tried to make the ride easier for Kathleen by loping the ponies a half mile at a time, so that presently they steamed until rolls of lather appeared at the edges of the saddle blankets even in the cool of the night. Between times he tried once or twice to talk to her.

"I don't understand the man, even yet," he said once. "When you watch him, and see his people around him, it seems like he can really do everything he thinks he can do. Maybe he'll make himself one of the big guns in all Mexico, some day."

Kathleen was silent, and after a moment Cloud added, "But I wouldn't have let this happen, if I had seen it coming in time."

"Because the Flying K will be wiped out if he loses?"

"No; it isn't that. I don't think he's going to lose."

"Then why, Tom?"

"I don't get this country," Cloud said; "you know that. But I've seen a little of it in the course of a lifetime. When you turn the wolves loose in this country it isn't a pretty thing. They know how to go just as kill-crazy as wild animals."

"I've heard of that. But this—is El Fuerte."

"What difference does that make?" he said sharply.

"El Fuerte's different. There's a great strength in that man. And a great—gentleness."

Cloud was startled. "Gentleness," he repeated incredulously.

"Only the strong can be truly gentle."

"I'll tell you what I saw once," he said, "in a little adobe Indian town. It was the Easter fiesta, and there was a war captain from the hills there, something like El Fuerte. He was running everything. In the fiesta they used to have in that town they used to burn an effigy of Judas, and I was there when they did that. But when my pony got a smell of the smoke he turned and tried to bolt. Then I noticed how lifelike the effigy looked, and saw what the pony had known in the first place. The effigy was not an effigy at all. It was the body of a man, some little *mozo* who had offended the war captain in some way. And all around the flames was dancing and celebration."

"Oh, that's terrible!"

"There's a vein of something or other in these people," Cloud told her, "that you and I won't ever be able to understand. It's more or less in them all. It's in El Fuerte."

"I can't believe that," she said; and they fell silent.

Again he said: "I didn't mean to let El Fuerte manhandle you tonight. I didn't see what he was going to do."

"Tonight? When?"

"When he picked you up and kissed you."

"Oh, that."

"You can't always count on what these people will do," Tom Cloud warned her. "Not even El Fuerte. But if ever

(Continued on page 39)

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The National Air

By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

The starch has been taken out of Washington. Roosevelt ian informality has brought with it gayety and sparkle. You can have a good time in the old town at last

Guyas Williams

Informality is the order of the day in Washington

THE original authority on the sparkling change that has come over all forms of official and unofficial life at the capital is George, the pullman porter. Any George can describe it, whether his run be from New York, Atlanta or Chicago to Washington.

Although he may not be able to tell a Rooseveltian from a Hamiltonian, the growing and gleaming pile of silver in his palm looks good to him, and it makes no difference whether it is Mellon or Morgenthau currency. "It's all sound money to me," he chuckles as he explains that his morning's take at Union Station during previous administrations rarely bought him a good breakfast. Now the quarters and half-dollars deposited in his outstretched hand between 7 and 9 o'clock several mornings a week keep his children fairly fat. As he gazes after the army of men scurrying from the train shed to taxis and telephones, he thumbs his gray wool and chants:

"I don't know nothin' about this NRA or AAA and RFC those gentlemen are all talkin' about, but whatever they are, I'm for 'em. I like this New Deal."

Besides getting the pullman porter vote, Mr. Roosevelt has won the thanks of hotel keepers, theater operators, night-club managers, boarding-house proprietors and the dowagers whose chief dinner-party concern in the past has been whether they could corral sufficient males for their tables.

The New Deal has transformed the capital into a boomish sort of place. The influx of people since President Roosevelt began to function in a big way has been greater than at any time since the World War, presenting such a kaleidoscopic spectacle of comings and goings that even the recent return of 531 members of Congress passed unnoticed by the census bureau and the mothers of marriageable daughters.

Along with the shift in tempo and atmosphere that followed when the informal Roosevelts ousted the reserved Hoovers from the White House, and brought in their tempestuous train an array of jovial Jacksonians to replace a somewhat starched-shirt officialdom, this migration has caused a social revolution at the seat of government, and it may have implications of a political and economic nature.

Whereas, in more conventional times, incoming outlanders would have been left to their own devices for diversion, yawning out lonely evenings on hotel lobby divans, many of them, in the capital's more friendly and generous mood, have been invited into the homes of administration workers and well-wishers. Besides watching the wheels of government go this way and that in the daytime, they have come to know the human beings who turn the wheels, and to understand the trials and troubles of those who frame policies for 125,000,000 people in a period of depression.

They may return home a little more tolerant, and a little less willing to leap at conclusions when Uncle Sam doesn't drop everything to attend to some individual difficulty. It was after a sojourn on Capitol Hill as the guest of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee that J. P. Morgan gave his first interview to ship news reporters at the Battery.

The End of Stuffed-Shirt Formality

The government may never again impress those caught up so closely in its mechanism as a vast and remote machine; they may see it as a collection of very human, very frail and very likable men and women endowed with no special or sudden genius for producing the millennium out of a hat. These contacts should prove helpful to both government and the governed, especially as they serve to let Washington, normally an insulated and inactive cell in the national organism, know what the real United States is thinking and worrying about.

In other ways these codist colonies and the more uproarious Rooseveltians are making an imprint upon the capital. They have transformed it from a placid, leisurely Southern town, with frozen faces and customs, into a gay, breezy, sophisticated and metropolitan center. From the scenic standpoint, they have brought about the prompt establishment of more and better night clubs than the city ever had before.

The Washington atmosphere is more natural, more unaffected, more homey, than in the days when the primly proper set a frigid example of speech and conduct. Beginning at the White House, this spirit seeps down, for the capital takes all its cues from the presidential family, whether it be saying goodby to the gold standard or welcoming Eleanor blue, which happens to be the fashion of the moment.

Nobody likes a good time, a good joke, more than the President, and he never misses a chance to lighten his load with a laugh. At the close of a serious discussion of departmental problems with Secretary Perkins, he leaned back from his desk, and said without trace of a smile: "Well, Frances, you can sleep tight tonight—I have just signed the brassière code."

Mrs. Roosevelt scoots about town in her snappy blue roadster without a Secret Service guard, and often drops in for tea without notice to her friends.

Secretary Ickes receives distinguished guests, including stately Indian chieftains, while puttering in his back yard clad in overalls. Instead of asking them to wait while he changes, or offering a lame apology for his informal attire, he sits with them on the bare earth, and explains: "I have to do this so as to keep from thinking about peanut politicians."

Even Douglas MacArthur, the eminently correct Chief of Staff, has caught the contagion. In talking over a 10,000-mile telephone circuit with the commander of the Philippine department soon after Mr. Roosevelt made the first dent in the "noble experiment," he opened the expensive conversation with a most unmilitary message: "Hold the fort, Booth," he hollered. "Beer is on the way!" That night the waggish order from G. H. Q. was barrack-room gossip at army posts in the middle of the Pacific.

Even on state occasions there is no excess of formality. The President often

(Continued on page 38)

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Soup is just the thing!

There are so many times when soup is just the thing. So many times when nothing else tastes so good—attracts the appetite so instantly—delights with such irresistible flavor—invigorates and benefits with such wholesome goodness. That's the great thing about soup—it's the food that is exactly right to meet your differing needs more often than any other one food you can have in the house. Every day has its time for soup. Every member of your family welcomes it eagerly. Have it on hand always!

Home late!

Soup is just the thing to chase that tired feeling and bring him up smiling.

Children's lunch!

Soup is just the thing—hot, wholesome, nourishing, digestible. And how they like it!

Unexpected friends!

Soup is just the thing for such an emergency—already cooked—delicious—hospitable.

When you entertain!

Soup is just the thing—and there's always the correct choice among the 21 Campbell's Soups.

Good for his tummy!

Soup is just the thing to supply food he always enjoys, in readily digestible form.

Lunch already cooked!

Soup is just the thing—a delightful, sustaining midday meal—on the table in a jiffy.

For delicious, *assured* Quality
···for convenience···for economy

Campbells' Soup IS JUST THE THING!

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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Ziegfeld and his Follies

By Eddie Cantor
and
David Freedman

Two of Ziegfeld's greatest comedians were practically rejected by him when they tried out for the Follies. Flo was that inconsistent, and twice as stubborn. But he had an able assistant who scouted for talent and acted as a check and stabilizer for the master. Gene Buck was Ziegfeld's right-hand man and responsible for Flo's first meeting with Billie Burke

ZIEGFELD had a magic manner with women. The thousands of beautiful girls he glorified all remember him with tenderness and affection. A woman felt that Zieggy would not only put her at her ease, but set her off at her best. Within five minutes after a girl came into his office, his eye had dressed her in the ideal combination of color and design. He always clipped pictures out of magazines from every part of the world to suggest settings and costumes, and he would often sit at his desk and fit photographs of his show girls behind sketches of dresses to work out the desired effect.

He never stinted on the cost of clothes and insisted that the linings, ribbons and trimmings be of the finest materials. When finished costumes were brought to him, the first thing he did was turn them inside out. Apparently he was more interested in the lining of a dress than its cloth. He maintained that it was the quality of the lining against the bodies of the girls which made them act and feel more feminine, and enhanced their grace and movements on the stage.

His chief costumer, Veronica, who furnished over two and a half million dollars' worth of dresses for his productions, often reproached him for his extravagance. "The audience can never see or appreciate what you spend for the inside of a gown," she argued.

But Flo's standard reply was, "All right, Veronica, I know—but I'm the one who's spending the money—not you."

He took the same meticulous view of his girls' habits and conduct. No seminary students were ever under closer surveillance. When the girls went on the road he would get detailed reports about all of them from his company manager and then wire each according to her transgression, "Don't get fat. . . . Don't stay up late. . . . Don't go to wild parties."

Sometimes a few of his leading show girls might be absent from the theater for weeks at a time. They would receive their pay just the same, mailed to their homes, and when they returned —often without a word of explanation —Flo would look at them out of the corners of his half-shut eyes and say with his typical nasal twang, "Where the hell have you been?" and let it pass.

Fannie Couldn't Believe It

Curiously enough, of all the women he knew, he was probably most fond of his comédienne, Fannie Brice. He regarded her as a pal.

In 1910 Fannie Brice played at the Columbia Theater, in a burlesque show called Follies Girls. The Follies were already then important enough to be burlesqued, and all variety entertainers spent the day making fun of Zieggy's revues and the night planning how to get into them. A woman had written Fannie about a song entitled Miss Ziegfeld, and Fannie erased the "Miss" to make it appear that Ziegfeld himself had written her.

"He wants me in his show," she lied glibly to her burlesque pals back-stage, flashing the letter so that none of them could examine it too closely. "I guess I'll be leaving you mugs and this dump pretty soon."

"Get on that stage! It's your cue!" growled the manager, and Fannie loped out on the creaky boards with her long, gangling legs while the baggy-pants comedians guffawed at her from the wings.

The courtship of Billie Burke was one of the most difficult of Ziegfeld's many undertakings, but also his biggest success

Culver

A few days later she received a message that Ziegfeld wanted to see her. It seemed like such an obvious practical joke that she didn't go. Then her agent called her and told her it was real. Jerry Siegel, vice president of the Siegel-Cooper Company, who visited the burlesque shows every Tuesday night in search of talent for Zieggy, had spotted her. Fannie was reassured and went with a fluttering heart into the presence of the mighty Ziegfeld. She came out with a contract for seventy-five dollars a week. It still didn't seem real.

She stood all day in Times Square and showed everybody her contract—friends, strangers, cops, boys—whoever would listen. "I'm with Ziegfeld! You don't believe it? Look!" She folded and unfolded the paper so often that by evening it had been torn into a hundred disconnected scraps which she couldn't put together. When she got home she had nothing to show her mother. The next day her mother went with her to Flo, told him Fannie had lost the contract and he gave her another one. But after that, throughout her entire sixteen years with Ziegfeld, there was never another written agreement between them. The first had a special significance—it was her passport into the select and restricted world of the Follies.

Lillian Lorraine, the leading beauty of the Follies, took a fancy to Fannie, and the two struck up a warm friendship. Once, while playing in Chicago, Zieggy invited them both to dinner, and Fannie was thrilled. It would be her first social meeting with the big boss, and she went out to buy the swellest clothes she could find. She bought a sapphire-blue satin dress that crinkled and screamed, an orange coat that she wouldn't wear now at the bottom of a well at midnight during a total eclipse of the moon, and a big blue hat with a vegetable garden and an ostrich plume. She felt this dazzling array of finery would stagger the Apostle of Taste.

It did stagger him. When Fannie walked into the café, Flo almost fell under the table. She sat down beside him with Lillian Lorraine, but Flo couldn't

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eat. He wanted to eat the garden on her hat. Finally he turned to Lillian: "Why don't you take this kid out and show her how to dress? Here is two hundred and fifty dollars. Get her some clothes."

The one time Fannie was charmingly and tastefully dressed, Zieggy didn't like it. He had picked up a French song, Mon Homme, which was a sensation in Paris. He originally intended to have his prima donna, Vera Mitchellini, sing it, but he decided to let Fannie try it and told her to get an apache costume.

She put on a red wig, a long black velvet dress, sparkling earrings and ballroom shoes. At dress rehearsal Ziegfeld saw her in this costume and cried, "Holy smokes! This is not a French comedy song, Fannie! You're supposed to make 'em cry. Get a pair of old shoes. If you haven't any, get them from your cook. Put on cotton stockings. Dirty your face. Muss up your hair!"

The Story of "My Man"

He sent Ben Ali Higgin up on the stage with a pair of scissors. He cut the skirt in half, tore it on the side, ripped up the stockings, smeared the costume with ashes and only then for the first time did Fannie get the real meaning of the song and was able to interpret it properly.

That's my story of My Man, the song which made her internationally famous. The English version was written by Channing Pollock and became associated in some mysterious way with Fannie's personal life, and now ranks as an American folk song. In reality, its greatness developed purely out of Zieggy's sensitive understanding of costume.

While chumming with Lorraine, Fannie became absorbed in a romance. She corresponded with the son of a wealthy Chicago family, Herbert Gresham, who helped stage the first Follies. Gresham wrote Fannie amusing letters and Fannie let Lillian read them. Lillian was so entertained by their wit that even before she met Gresham she was determined to conquer him. When he arrived in New York, she did. They married, and Fannie was temporarily broken-hearted. Every morning she would meet Zieggy for breakfast and he comforted her. What Fannie only realized then for the first time was that she had to comfort Flo. It was much harder for him to forget Lillian Lorraine.

Lillian was one of the most fascinating women that ever appeared in a Ziegfeld show and one of the very few to whom Zieggy was strongly attached.

It was New Year's Eve, 1913, and the exclusive Sixty Club, of which Ziegfeld was one of the eight original founders, was preparing its gala affair. But Flo had no reason to celebrate. The New Year held no promise of happiness, for the wound of Lorraine in his heart had not yet healed.

Gene Buck, his companion and adviser, urged him to attend the party. It was 1913, and thirteen was always a lucky number for Flo. He was so superstitious about it that he even sacrificed calling his first revue the "Ziegfeld Follies" in preference to the "Follies of 1907" because that title had thirteen letters. Perhaps it was this superstition that finally persuaded him to go.

Flo put on his favorite costume, the Harry Watson tramp suit, and made himself up carefully with a pudgy red nose. Buck wore a suit of tin armor presented to him by Dave Montgomery, then the partner of Fred Stone in the famous comedy dancing and singing team of Montgomery and Stone. The armor didn't fit, as Gene was twice the size of Montgomery, and the tin tubes stiffened out his arms so that he couldn't light a cigarette. In this misfit, dilapidated manner the producer and his right-hand man appeared at the party.

Suddenly Zieggy vanished. Buck searched for him and finally found him in a private room, his eyes brimming with tears as he changed to his regular clothes, determined to go home. Buck urged him to get into full dress and try the party once more. As they returned to the stairway that led up to the ballroom, Zieggy stopped. At the head of the landing stood Billie Burke. Flo had never met her before. He didn't know who she was.

Billie was then the brightest and most spectacular of the new Frohman stars. Her given name was Ethel, but for the stage she adopted her father's name, Billie Burke. He was one of the greatest clowns of the circus, and it was from him that she inherited her talent for acting and comedy. Though born in Washington, D. C., she, like Anna Held, received her first chance on the stage in London. Charles Frohman discovered her there and brought her back to America, where, after playing opposite John Drew, she was starred in Love Watches. She ranked with Maude Adams and Ann Murdock, and because of her youth and beauty was at this time the toast of society. Her manager, Alf Hayman, escorted her to the affair. They were late and had trouble getting a table, so they stood on the landing waiting.

Zieggy and Buck walked up the stairs. They stopped and greeted Hayman. There was nothing for Hayman to do but introduce them. He mumbled the names and even garbled them so that Billie Burke had no idea whom she was meeting. Hayman seemed irritable and disturbed about getting a table. The fact was, he didn't care to have Billie meet Flo. Zieggy by that time had already acquired the reputation of being irresistible to women. Billie Burke was just being carefully launched on her career and it would be unwise to expose her to an attack of charms.

The four people stood on the landing in an awkward embarrassment. Fortunately the orchestra began to play. There was a moment of hesitation, then Zieggy took Billie Burke by the hand and they waltzed into the crowd. Hayman looked after them with a scowl.

The World's Longest Waltz

Ziegfeld was one of the great waltzers of his time. This was particularly remarkable because most producers of revues and musical shows could hardly dance a step or carry a tune. But Zieggy was always the gallant, and waltzing was then one of the fine social attainments.

Twice Billie and Flo whirled by Alf Hayman as he waited for the dance to end. Twice more they whirled by, but no end to the music. On the fifth turn Zieggy slipped the orchestra leader a tiny pill—it was a hundred-dollar bill rolled into a ball—and after that the music swelled into eternity. John Rumsey, an officer of the club, told Hayman his table was ready. But Hayman had his mind on something else. He stood and waited and waited. It was the longest waltz in the world.

After the dance, Hayman swiftly snatched Billie Burke out of sight and Zieggy didn't see her again that evening. Hayman sat his beautiful young charge down at the table and set to work with a vengeance—unknowingly to do Flo the greatest service of his life. He told Billie everything he could think of against Flo. He told her things about Flo that he had read about Casanova. He made Zieggy out to be such a dashing Don Juan that Billie's curiosity and interest were promptly excited. She probably saw herself taming and subduing this incorrigible bounder and sewing wings on his coat.

Culver

Culver

Harris & Ewing

Culver

Flo Ziegfeld in his favorite masquerade. And Lillian Lorraine, Gene Buck and Fannie Brice

The next day Zieggy went to a florist and bought out his entire shop. Not only the plants and flowers he had in stock but even the orange trees that he kept in the window for display. Flo had everything loaded on a truck and that day a moving van of flowers arrived at Burkely Crest, Billie Burke's home in Hastings.

All New Year's day, the proud Ziegfeld stayed home waiting for a call from Billie Burke. He thought so many flowers should bring some kind of a remark. He and Gene Buck lived together then—two bachelors in a modest suite of eighteen rooms at the Ansonia Hotel—and they paced each room, starting every moment, imagining they heard the phone bell ring. But it didn't. Miss Burke did not call. There was no acknowledgment of the flowers. Not even of the truck. A week passed and still there was no call.

No More Alibis

Finally Zieggy swallowed his pride and called her. He expressed his surprise that he hadn't heard from her. He couldn't imagine what excuse she had to offer. What could she possibly say?

She said, "I tried to get you, but your line was busy."

The same day Zieggy called up the telephone company and had them install a special private wire with a bell of a peculiar tone, different from the usual sound. He sent this phone number to Billie Burke with a note saying, "I'm sorry you found the line busy. It will never happen again. I've just installed a private line exclusively for you." Alf Hayman was right. Casanova had nothing on Flo.

Later in his office in the Ziegfeld Theater, there was a gold telephone distinct from all the others which still preserved this one private line that led from Flo to Billie Burke.

Zieggy's courtship of Billie was one of the most difficult of his many undertakings. The entire Frohman office was determined to prevent the romance. Charles Frohman feared that an early marriage would destroy her career and enlisted the aid of Ethel Barrymore and Maude Adams to dissuade her. Every telephone call from Flo and every letter was intercepted. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't see or reach Billie. He finally took the manager of her show, Victor Kiraly, and put him in charge of the Midnight Frolic. It was through him that Zieggy passed secret notes to Billie and arranged private meetings.

Although Zieggy at this time was already divorced from Anna Held, she still played under his management. When she arrived in New York to fill her vaudeville dates, Flo was in no position to look after her. In spite of all his productions and enterprises, his time was wholly absorbed with one problem—how to break through the Frohman defenses and reach Billie Burke. Out of regard for Anna Held's feelings he asked his friend Buck to travel with her and manage her on tour.

Gene Buck enjoyed a unique position of confidence with Flo. As a rule Zieggy was coldly indifferent to men and had few friends among them. Buck was one. He was not only Flo's companion, but adviser, and for nearly fifteen years Buck had a vital share in almost every move concerning the Follies. Their first meeting was peculiar.

Gene Buck came from Detroit, where he was the first to illustrate the title

(Continued on page 45)

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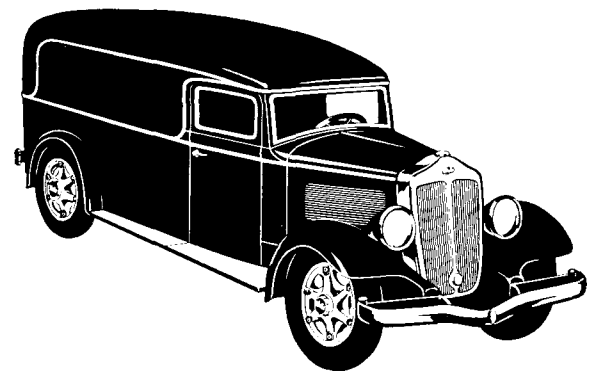

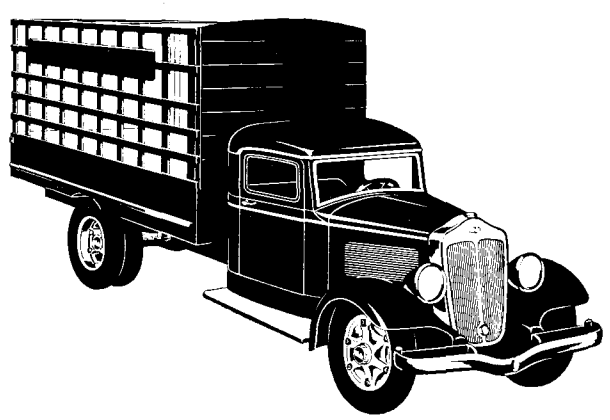

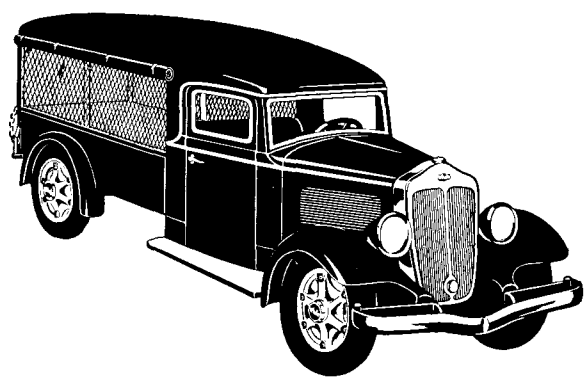

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The Way Things Change

Continued from page 15

No, Jeff thought, no, there's nothing I can say or do. He rose. He said: "If you'll come with me to Judge Severance—"

George said: "Whatever talk we have will be right here, before the family and in the open. And tomorrow morning. And it seems to me you're er—well, shall we say 'disturbingly reluctant'?"

Jeff said: "I'll see Judge Severance this evening. I'll—arrange it for tomorrow morning." He rose. He said: "Aunt Beth, Buff Severance wanted me to stay with them. I think I'll go and pack up now."

Jeff went upstairs to pack. He started stuffing things in, hoping if he went on whistling that it would help him not to think. He put in everything except three little packages upon the bureau; things he'd bought in New York yesterday for Sylvia and Polly and Aunt Beth. Just little things, but he had felt swell buying them to bring home. Yesterday he had been coming home. He picked them up at last and stuck them in a corner of his bag and locked it.

Jeff found Polly waiting for him in the hall downstairs. She said: "I'll drive you over, Jeff."

They went down the drive and Polly turned right, driving slow, not talking. They passed the Minton place and Polly said: "Here's where you stopped Black Lady; that day when she ran away with me."

Jeff said, "Yeah."

They drove a mile or so in silence. Jeff was getting hold of things; relaxing. When they reached the Severances' there'd be more talk—a lot of talk; but now he could sit here and let the drumming of the motor and the dark around them shut things out.

WHEN he started to get out Polly said: "Jeff I—I think you'd better take me to the dance tonight."

Jeff said, "I don't believe so, Polly."

She said: "Jeff, I know you don't feel much like dancing but—but listen, Jeff; he's said things, George. He gets tight and he's said things. Everyone knows you arrived today and—and I think you'd better go, to show them."

Jeff said: "So he's said things, has he?"

"If you go," she told him, "if you go with me it—it will show them."

Jeff climbed in the car again. He said: "Look, Polly, they think I'm a burglar. They think—"

Polly put her hand on his and squeezed, to interrupt him. "It's been pretty bad for you to have all this come at you, Jeff, in one day. I—I tried to tell you and—and warn you, driving home. I couldn't, though. You'll have to try to understand, about her feeling that way. Jeff, it isn't Sylvia at all, the real one. Underneath she's fine and loyal and just like always. It's—it's like I tried to tell you; she's the tragic age, Jeff; she's the age that just missed out."

"I know," Jeff said.

"On everything," said Polly. "She didn't even have her début."

"Tough, I guess," Jeff said.

"I wish you'd try to understand," she told him. "It—made her rather bitter. And then George came, and when he began to find out how things were about—about our income, things like that, he started talking. Little hints and—and insinuations and—and how you couldn't trust a soul these days and—"

"I understand," Jeff said. "Things were pretty bad all right. I guess I might have thought the same thing if I'd been in his place. That's all right."

"It wasn't!" Polly said. "He made them dis—distrust you, Jeff. He worked on it. He said things, too, to everyone. He said he—he'd expose you."

Jeff hesitated for a moment, looking at her. He said: "Why don't you distrust me, too?"

She answered, slowly: "But—but I'm not bitter, Jeff. You see I've not lost out on things: not really; not like Sylvia. You see, I was just fifteen when all this trouble came and I'd not begun to dream about the things that meant so much to her; not really. They weren't real to me. I hadn't counted on them so."

She paused and smiled at him and said: "Jeff, we're the lucky generation, girls and boys of my age; honestly we are. We've thought things out and most of us are glad we didn't have just everything poured into our laps without an effort so—so we'd be bored with everything at twenty-five. We nearly lost out on the fun of looking forward, planning, getting things ourselves that would be really ours and—Jeff, Sylvia could feel that way too; you could make her. You could get her back if—if you'd fight. . . . You'll take me to the dance, Jeff?"

Jeff climbed out and got his bags. He said: "Maybe I'm a burglar after all."

"Bing, bing!" *Jay Irving*

"You're Jeff," she said. "Things can't change that. You'll take me? Just to show them?"

"No," Jeff told her slowly. "No; not just to show them."

Buff Severance met Jeff at the door. He said: "Come in, fool. Been expecting you. I thought you'd climb in at an upstairs window, though."

Jeff said, "Hello, fool."

"Drop your kit of tools," Buff said. "I had a drink all ready for you but I suddenly sneaked up and drank it when I wasn't looking. Just a minute."

Jeff said, "Never mind the drink."

BUFF said: "Look here, Jeff; I knew what you'd run into. That's why I wrote for you to come here first. I couldn't seem to tell you why, though, in a letter."

"I ran into it all right," Jeff said.

"You met this dandy, George?" Buff asked.

"He's Mrs. Drake's attorney," Jeff said, "and I guess he's doing what he thinks is right."

"He'd do that, all right," Buff said. "He'd do what he thought was right, no matter what the cost—to someone else."

Jeff laughed and Buff said: "This is pretty serious, Jeff. Dad is out tonight. He said he'd see you in the morning. I just wanted you to know that things are breaking pretty good for me. The hard-coal game is getting almost soft and—well, I've got a few odd unexpected thousands lying idle and—"

Jeff said: "Shut up, fool. Are you going to the dance?"

"You don't suppose I put this rigid shirt on just for you? You're going with us: Bob and Ruth and Mary and—"

Jeff said: "I'm going on with Polly. She's outside. I'll see you there."

Buff walked out to the door with him. He said: "The guy has talked, you know, Jeff. At your service if you think he ought to have his face remodeled."

THE dance was bad all right. Of course a lot of it was just imagination, probably, but Jeff felt everyone was looking at him; staring, nudging, whispering. He thought that conversations ceased abruptly when he came along. He heard one chap say, on the dance floor as the music stopped, "He might be honest as the day is long and still get tripped up on some technicality." He heard a girl, whom he remembered slightly, saying: "I don't care. He might have got the money tangled up some way, but Jeff's not crooked."

And his friends! They hailed him with a loud, unnecessary cordiality; they evidently felt they had to show that they were for him, in a public and embarrassing display, and that was even worse. But Sylvia and George did not show up—and that was something. It was bad enough without them, though, and Jeff said finally: "Look here, Shrimp; you're a good, game kid but this is pretty awful; and it isn't very fair to you and—well, let's go."

They drove in silence and Jeff thought: "There ought to be more people whom you don't have to talk with. There ought to be a code on words, with everybody limited to seven hundred in a five-day speaking week. And everybody would be better off." He thought about the words there'd be tomorrow; words and words and nothing anyone could say would change things now; the words that changed things had been said already, said irrevocably. Jeff thought: "So you feel like you did yesterday in New York, ten feet tall and coming home. And then some people say some words; they say these few small words and blot your whole past out; like that! They blot themselves out, too; one minute they're Aunt Beth and Sylvia, and then they say these words and Sylvia and Aunt Beth disappear; they're gone and dead and in their places, are two strangers; people that you never saw before, that aren't related to the past at all."

The past had gone; Aunt Beth had gone, and Sylvia. Tomorrow they'd dig up the bones of all those years and then inter them permanently in a useless verbal ceremony. There wasn't even Syl's kid sister any more; the "shrimp" had disappeared more suddenly and thoroughly than all the rest; and yet she didn't leave a stranger in her place. She left this girl who could say, "I'm on your side, Jeff," without a question; who could ride along with him like this in silence, with her shoulder touching his dependably. Jeff thought: "Look here; this girl may not be part of your past, but you're part of hers. You see? To you she's ceased to be the 'shrimp'; but you're old Jeff to her. That's why she's treating you like this; because you're 'old Jeff' and no other reason and you'd better keep that fact in mind. You hear?"

Jeff said: "Look, Polly, when this business busts tomorrow, I don't want your mother there. I'd rather she—she wasn't there."

"All right," she told him; "I won't let her be."

"No matter what they say," Jeff said. "Nor you."

"Nor me."

"Sylvia can represent the family if—if George insists."

SHE pulled up in the drive at Severances' and Jeff got out. Jeff said: "I'd try to tell you how I feel about you; but I'd only mumble, Polly."

"In place of words it m-m-might occur to you to just bestow a slight embrace upon me," Polly said.

Jeff went around to her side of the car and tilted up her chin and looked at her. He found it wasn't easy, somehow, just to peck at her, the way he was supposed to, and to straighten up and grin. He found he didn't know just what to say because she would expect the words to come from "old Jeff" and he wasn't "old Jeff" and he didn't know just what the words were anyway. There'd been too many words.

He said: "Good night, Shrimp. Thanks."

Judge Severance and Jeff drove over to the Drakes' at half past ten. Sylvia and George were waiting for them in the library. Polly and her mother, George said, had preferred not to be present.

"That was your suggestion, Baldwin?" George asked.

"Yes," Jeff said.

George looked at Sylvia and then at Jeff. He said: "I want to tell you, Baldwin, that there's nothing personal in this. I act entirely as Mrs. Drake's attorney, in what I believe to be her interests; but I wish to tell you that I will be equally impersonal in any action I shall take in the event that this investigation of Mrs. Drake's affairs discloses—"

Judge Severance interrupted smoothly: "You act, of course, on the assumption that she has affairs?"

George stared at him. He said: "Assumption?"

"Assumption, yes," Judge Severance said.

Jeff thought: "In just a minute now, they'll know, and I can't stop it." He stared straight in front of him, to keep his eyes from Sylvia and waited miserably.

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"And an entirely erroneous assumption," Judge Severance said. "Unfortunately Mrs. Drake has no affairs whatever to investigate." George half rose from his chair, but old Judge Severance raised his hand and used the look that he employed for quelling young attorneys. He said: "It was my client's hope that we might somehow avoid this disclosure; but I see this hope is futile. You are determined to probe into Mrs. Drake's affairs and I repeat that she has no affairs whatever to probe into."

He said, more gently: "Sylvia, when your father died he—he left absolutely nothing. Nothing. Jeff's father, and now Jeff, had hoped you'd never have to know that."

Jeff stared miserably at the floor. There'd be more words, and words and words, but all the words that mattered had been said. The judge's voice went on to tell the story that Jeff's father had told Jeff. The words marched out in orderly precision from the judge's mouth, dispassionate, considered, ruthless; and Jeff had to sit there trying not to listen while a woman's pride was being killed. The judge concluded, with a sympathy that must have been as gall: "So Mr. Baldwin, and now Jeff, have always looked upon this as an obligation."

JEFF heard a choked sob. He looked up at Sylvia's white face. She said: "It's—it's been charity. For all these years; ch-charity."

Jeff said, "No!" loudly. He was on his feet and words came. "No! It's been a debt! A debt. You've got to understand that, Sylvia; I've got to make you understand."

Her face was buried in her hands and she was sobbing, but he'd have to make her understand. He said: "It's not fair to my father or to me, to use the—the word you did. My father was—was paying off a debt that was as binding and legal as—as if it had been all in writing. Don't you see?"

She sobbed, "Oh, Jeff. Oh, Jeff."

"Your father saved my father's business twice," Jeff said. "He loaned my father money twice to save the business. Gave it to him, really; when the banks and everyone had turned him down. Twice, Sylvia. And just before your father died, when his affairs were in bad shape, he came to Dad and Dad was going to reciprocate. And then your father died, so suddenly, and—and my father never had the chance."

Her sobs had ceased at last. Jeff went to her and put his arm across her shoulders. He said: "Sylvia, Dad simply tried to pay a debt; a moral one that—that meant more to him than contracts. Listen, Sylvia; Judge Severance told you that your father left—left nothing, but he did; he left that. Father meant to transfer some securities to Aunt Beth but the crash came and he couldn't. But he left that debt to me unpaid; and, Sylvia, you haven't any right to interfere with—with my paying it. It's not my money I've been sending Aunt Beth; it's my father's; it's your father's; it's between them and we haven't any right to interfere." He paused and said: "You haven't any right to tell Aunt Beth and Polly; Sylvia, you haven't any right to, and you've got to promise me."

So it was over. He got her promise finally, and then he had to listen while George tried to make embarrassed explanations; but that didn't matter. Jeff could just say: "That's all right," and "Sure, I understand," and "Sure, the situation must have looked darn' fishy; I don't blame you." Sylvia had put her arms around him at the last and tried to say, "Forgive me, Jeff." But they were just a stranger's arms; a stranger he felt sorry and embarrassed for; but that was all. The rest of it, the way he'd felt about her, yesterday, was years ago and was about somebody else, and dim and unimportant anyway.

He thought: "Farewell embrace! I ought to have to choke back sobs and stumble blindly out into a dismal future." But he didn't feel that way; he didn't even feel blue. And he thought, quite suddenly: "If that's love, it—it isn't love, that's all. Why, all these years it's not been really love at all!"

Jeff didn't see Aunt Beth or Polly as he and the judge went out. They climbed in the judge's big car and drove off. Jeff thought: "Where's Polly?" You could go through all that he'd been through and then dismiss it from your mind and have "Where's Polly?" be the only thing that seemed to matter. Jeff grinned a little at the thought and told himself: "Remember you're 'old Jeff.' Remember now."

She was, it happened, at the crossroads. She was parked along the road. She honked and yelled, "Jeff, come get in with me." The judge's chauffeur stopped and Jeff got out and climbed in Polly's car.

She said: "Was—was it pretty bad, Jeff?"

"Just some details," Jeff said. "George was right about investigating. I don't blame him or—or Sylvia. But it was all right."

"So they don't think you're a burglar any more?" She paused and said, "The silly things." She stopped and looked at him and said: "You'll fight to get her back now, Jeff."

"No," Jeff said. "It's pretty difficult to put in words, but that's all over. Sylvia's in love with George and I'm—I'm not. Just not, that's all; just suddenly quite not; maybe I never was. So don't feel sorry for old Jeff."

"And so what now?" she asked.

"So back to California and the job," Jeff said.

"Soon, Jeff?"

"Tonight if I can get a reservation."

Polly turned the switch on and stepped on the starter. Nothing happened but loud and rasping protest. Polly said: "I guess I'll have to cry, I guess. It nearly always gets ashamed and starts off if it hears me cry. I guess I'd like to cry a little anyway."

She cried a little and Jeff patted her. He told her: "If it's me you're feeling sorry over, cut it out."

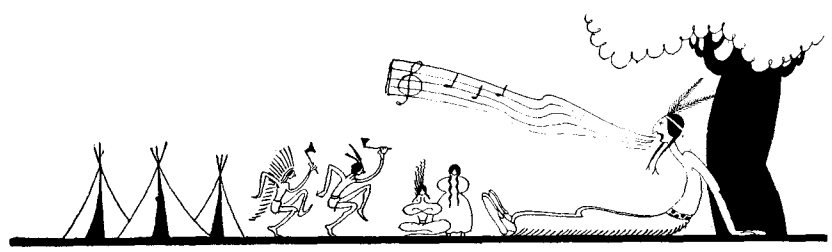
She leaned her head against his shoulder and said: "I've been thinking, Jeff; I think you'd better k-k-kiss me."

JEFF had hoped she wouldn't say that. It was tough enough the way things were, to keep on being "old Jeff," without that. After he had kissed her last night he'd decided that was just about the last "old Uncle Jeff" kiss he had left; and now he had to make another effort at it. Well, he had to do it. Jeff leaned down; his lips touched hers and then he made a superhuman effort to lean up again. He might have made it if she hadn't wound her arms around his neck.

She said, a little later and a little breathlessly: "There's j-j-just one word for it; un-unclish, Jeff."

Jeff stared ahead of him. He said: "I didn't mean to, Polly; I know how you feel about me. Well, I didn't mean to, that's all and—" he turned and looked at her. It felt then, looking in her eyes, like being poised upon the verge of an uncertain springboard, high above a deep, dark, violet pool. Jeff said, between his teeth: "I didn't mean to? Sure I did. I mean to all the time. From now on. Well, you asked me why I didn't fight for Sylvia; and this is why. You think I'm just 'old Jeff,' huh? Well, I'll show you!"

Polly closed her eyes and reached her arms up. "More," she said quite simply. "More."



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Centuries ago among many peoples, particularly the American Indians and the Scandinavians, the last act of a dying man was the singing of his "death song," which described the chief events of his life. It not only helped him to pass away in a happy mood, but also to impress his many brave deeds and victories upon his family and friends.

Asiatic cholera, a germ disease, is one of the most dangerous diseases known. Persons have been known to die from it within 60 minutes after feeling its first symptoms.—*By Dr. J. R. Parke, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

Acetamide, made of acetic acid and ammonia, has been found to be a more versatile solvent than ammonia, alcohol or ordinary water. Although it does not become liquid until heated to 176 degrees Fahrenheit, it dissolves more things—many of them heretofore insoluble—than any other substance.

The longest time that a person has ever abstained from food is 74 days, a record set up by Terence Macswiney, the Lord Mayor of Cork, Ireland, who starved himself to death in prison in 1920. As far as known, no one except this man has ever lived more than 61 days without nourishment.

Only one out of every 87 industrial workers in the United States today is covered by a pension system that is financed on a sound actuarial basis, a system which guarantees that the pension will be available when the worker becomes eligible.

Headrolling is a curious condition that is known to develop in highly nervous children. It makes them roll their head from side to side while asleep, usually for varying periods throughout the night. Sometimes the movement gains great speed and considerable force, but it seldom awakens the child.

The largest "flop houses" in history existed in Paris about 1650. Eleven of them housed 40,000 beggars and were called *Cours des Miracles*, owing to the "miraculous" manner in which the halt, the lame and the blind quickly recovered from their ailments after passing through the doors each night.

England now is using an ingenious indoor device for teaching bomb-dropping from an airplane. The pupil sits in a stationary plane while a motion picture of the ground "8,000 feet below" passes under him. As he operates the bomb-release, the device records exactly where the bomb would have landed had it been dropped from the air.

According to physicians throughout three quarters of the world, the root ginseng when made into a drug contains no pharmacological or therapeutic properties. Yet it has been used for its stimulating effect by the Chinese for centuries. In fact they prize it so highly that they have paid as much as $400 an ounce for it.

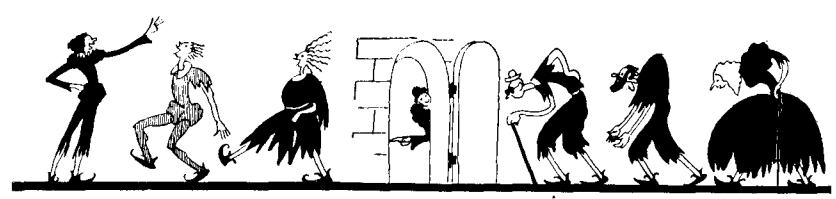
Because aviators when forced down in the Sahara Desert are often captured and held for ransom by marauding Arabs, France makes all foreign flyers deposit 100,000 francs to defray any possible rescue costs. The authorities also suggest a ten days' supply of food and water—and an anchor to hold the machine during sandstorms.

In Paimpol, on the coast of France, all the cemeteries contain numerous empty graves, marked with memorial crosses and monuments, for the sailors and fishermen of the town who have been lost at sea. Relatives believe that the spirits come back to rest in them once a year—on All Souls' Eve.

Despite the fact that there are more than 1,000 species of birds in this country the selection of an "official" bird by each state has been a difficult matter. Of the 44 states that have finally made up their minds after intensive study and discussion, seven have chosen the same bird—the western meadow lark.

Undoubtedly one of the most unusual "suicide laws" ever enacted is rigidly enforced today in Afghanistan. When a person takes his life, all his family, relatives, friends and often neighbors are arrested and fined on the principle that they should have known of his intention and prevented the deed.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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The Home
AGAIN COMES INTO ITS OWN

AMERICA is alive with the new spirit and looking toward the renovation of its firesides. Trying times have brought families and friends together again and made it smart to entertain at home. ¶ New furniture and house furnishings are again coming into demand — and selling at such reasonable prices that to miss these bargains may be the regret of a lifetime. ¶ International Trucks are used so extensively in the furniture and house furnishings business that International Harvester may justly claim a share of the credit in making such low prices possible. For delivery is an immensely vital factor in the cost of furniture. House furnishings and furniture are bulky. Every trip of a truck must be made at the lowest possible cost. ¶ This preference of the furniture trade for International Trucks should interest business men in all other lines — for regardless of the kind of hauling your business requires, there is an International Truck model that will do that particular job at less expense. Low in first cost — and lower in operating costs — International Trucks have performed so brilliantly in all lines of business that today International Harvester is a leader in this great industry. ¶ International chassis prices range from $360 up, f. o. b. factory. Sizes from ½-ton to 7½-ton. ¶ Visit the International branch or dealer near you — see these remarkable motor truck values — and arrange for a demonstration on your own job.

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The Captain Entertains

Continued from page 19

schedule crashed to bits; the abhorrent lateness of the mails danced before his eyes. He growled something under his breath and swayed for the telephone. The Monrovia faltered in her course, swung her head from the seas. Curious faces, anxious faces lined the glass of her promenade.

Captain Jonathan Penworthy, standing beside Number 23 boat, faced a grizzled man who placidly chewed his cud as the canvas cover came off. The master smiled strangely at that cracked and wrinkled countenance. He recognized it; he had seen faces like that before. It gave him a feeling of content and calm. The bo's'un stared back at him with severe dignity. He, too, noticed, perhaps, that there was no gold braid on the captain's sleeve.

"Boats', can you handle an oar?"

"Who takes her?"

"I do."

Without reply, the boatswain kicked off his boots and sprang into the small boat, calling gruffly the names of the men he chose. They followed, silently, sat down on the thwarts, and spat on their horny palms. Captain Penworthy grinned. It was altogether different from the smile he gave to Margaret Storrs. He wondered if the sea was still the same, down there a mile below the liner's deck. He wanted to know; aye, he wanted to know.

In the sternsheets he called hoarsely—

"All ready. Swing out and let go!"

THE boat falls skirled. Down they went, down the swaying steel side of the liner, down to the sea below. A cheer broke from the Monrovia's decks, but they paid no heed. Cheers! This business wasn't theirs. They had no notion of what it meant. Captain Penworthy was tense. His years fell from him. The noise of the sea was loud in his ears. It fell away in a terrifying hollow beneath the small boat, then lifted its sleek and oily thigh. The boat smacked the water. The patent blocks tripped. She floated. The bo's'un growled in his throat. The long sweeps went out in the thole pins. Jonathan Penworthy shipped his steering oar.

For half a dozen strokes they pulled in the liner's lee. The master looked back for an instant, upright in the sternsheets, soaring aloft on the crest of a foaming roller. The Monrovia towered mountainously, forty thousand tons of steel and iron ribbed with scintillating lights. Not a face was recognizable there, not a human face. Just that monstrous hulk, breaking the force of the gale. How her portholes sparkled high aloft in the night! She seemed motionless in the sea. The small boat dove with a sickening rush. Mr. Barnes had set oil dripping. It drifted between the liner and the foundering schooner.

A searchlight shot a ribbon of purple at the heavens; lowered; searched the water; settled on that sinking wreck.

"Steady!" Jonathan Penworthy bellowed, and flung his weight on the steering sweep. "Together now! Let her run." Something had happened to him. His voice was harsh and chesty, a voice to cut through the wind and the snow and the flung spray. His face ran with water. It dripped from his beard and he tasted its salt on his lips.

The men looked up at him. The bo's'un's face set in a hard, sure grin. There was new strength in their pull. Forward and back, forward and back, with Penworthy's eyes upon them. Clear of the liner now, down in the troughs of the sea where you felt its weight and knew it for what it was. How the steering oar bent in the grip of the master's fists! The sea was still the same, the same old monster, if you let yourself get close enough! The lift and kick and strength of it. How the wind sheared the tops of the rollers and knifed the spray in your face. The good bitter spray of the North Atlantic. You didn't know it was there on the liner's bridge. Patent weather glasses there for men to stand behind. Machines for compasses and an Iron Mike to steer her by. Had to have it nowadays. Dignity. Gold braid. And the master's lady pouring tea on a Long Island estate.

Jonathan Penworthy, master mariner! The lady called him John. Jonathan sounded too Biblical, too early New England American. Wouldn't do. It didn't go properly with the two bronze hounds on his lawn. And it didn't suit his daughters. Daughters? A son was what he wanted. A male child! A son with power and the race in his loins; a son who could learn to roar defiance in the face of the posturing world as he had forgotten to do. Aye; he'd almost forgotten that and the strength of a man and what it was for. Sixty years old next month, and forty-five of them at sea.

"Pull and haul!" he thundered above the gale. "Steady does it. Steady and let her run!"

Aye! Forty-five years ago the sea first bellowed hello to him. He was back again. Clear of the commander's suite. It was good and hard and it knocked the breath out of you as it had always done. It was still the same!

The Monrovia's beam of light was glued on that tossing mangle of wreckage where ten men clung to the ruin of what had been a ship. How the snow glittered in its ray. How the spray flung itself up at it, wishing to obliterate it entirely. Stout lads there. Seamen. Knew what they were about. Knew how to help themselves. Floating a line to the small boat. The bowman'd got it now. Must keep his cockle-shell from broaching to the seas. "Who takes her?" the bo's'un wanted to know. Trusted him, they did.

Sweat broke out on Jonathan's brow and trickled into his shaggy beard. It mingled with the drift of the sea. How many years, how many years since the sweat had run down his face? Salt. That, too, was bitter with salt.

THE first man came inboard, gasping, half frozen, to fall in an inert heap on the bottom boards. The bo's'un signaled and the line hauled back. The small boat soared and plunged. The gray steel of the sky above, the thrashing tumult of the ocean all about. Hold her. He had to hold her. One by one they hauled the men across. The last one came, crawled aft to his rightful place and crouched at Jonathan's feet. Must be the master, he thought. *The master?* A kid! He was only a kid, with his face hard and white as granite slashed with rain. But he'd held them together, audaciously flinging rockets into an indifferent wilderness. What did his age matter? Master mariner, that. He knew his job. How blue his eyes were!

Jonathan bent his steer-oar. Only half the job was done. There was power and glory in his eyes. His bare gray head glittered with spray. How small, how insignificant, how powerless the small boat looked in the smoking seas so far below the liner's bridge. The Monrovia merely swayed with impatient indolence in all that fury. The lifeboat alone was alive in the sea. . . .

Somehow or other, Captain Penworthy found himself in the sleeping-room of the commander's suite again. He was wet and soggy. Sea water drained in irregular rivulets from his clothes to the rug upon which he stood. His beard trickled water to his chest. He breathed heavily, panting, his large fists clenched at his sides. Something of exaltation was in his puckered eyes.

Beneath his feet the Monrovia throbbed. Full ahead on the course again. Twenty-two knots for the mails and the schedule and very important people. Captain Penworthy started. It recalled him to his senses. He turned soberly, pulling off his wet clothes as he strode toward his shower.

SOME time later, when he stepped into his drawing-room with his calm poise recaptured, immaculate in a fresh dress uniform, he looked a little tired. Margaret Storrs was the first to greet him. There *was* desire in her eyes. He hadn't thought it possible.

"Captain," she said with a slight huskiness in her voice, "you cheated us out of the show."

"I'm terribly sorry," he murmured; and he smiled the commander's smile. "Hadn't much time, you know."

Robert Quinby was energetically ruffling the cards. You might have thought they'd never left the table. He seemed a trifle upset. There was little likelihood now of beating the record of twenty-five rubbers of bridge.

"You know, Captain Penworthy," he said without looking up, "for a moment I thought it was you who took that boat across the water. But it couldn't have been. It wasn't your voice I heard."

Did he mean anything by that? The commander's hand came up to stroke his beard. There was something he wanted to say. Rebellion still flickered in the depth of his chest. He had a hideous urge to order them bluntly to clear out. He wanted to have a talk and a noggin of rum with that blue-eyed boy with the hard, white face of strength. He wanted to ask that youngster things: if the wind still spilled from a mainsail with that gusty boom he remembered; if the trade winds sang; if the deep sea rain still threshed and roared in the latitudes of the line; if the little ports of the world were still bright with a crystal brightness in the flush of a tropical dawn. But as his arm came up, that gold-bound sleeve flashed points of light in his eyes. It blinded him. The fire died from them. He only nodded, and sat down.

In the commander's sleeping cabin, Mr. Barnes heard that subdued murmur of conversation through the closed door of the drawing-room. It arrested his hand on the knob. The master of that foundered schooner said he wanted to see the captain. Mr. Barnes shook his head. Wouldn't do. He'd have to put him off. Captain Penworthy was engaged. He was not to be annoyed with trifles. More important things to do. The chief officer turned away toward the bridge ladderway, and he saw all those wet clothes soiling the commander's rug. Where in blazes was the captain's steward? He kicked the soggy stuff from his way.

Thrown carelessly in an easy chair lay a plain blue patrol jacket. Its shoulders still bulged with the girth of a large man's flesh. It was very wet. It would ruin that chair. Mr. Barnes picked it up and tossed it gingerly into a corner. It had no gold braid on its sleeve. It was, in fact, a very shabby old coat.

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YOU can't keep hearty youngsters from scuffling through snow, or sliding on every glaze of ice—but you can cut the high shoe-cost of their fun. Just put them in shoes with Goodyear Wingfoot Soles!

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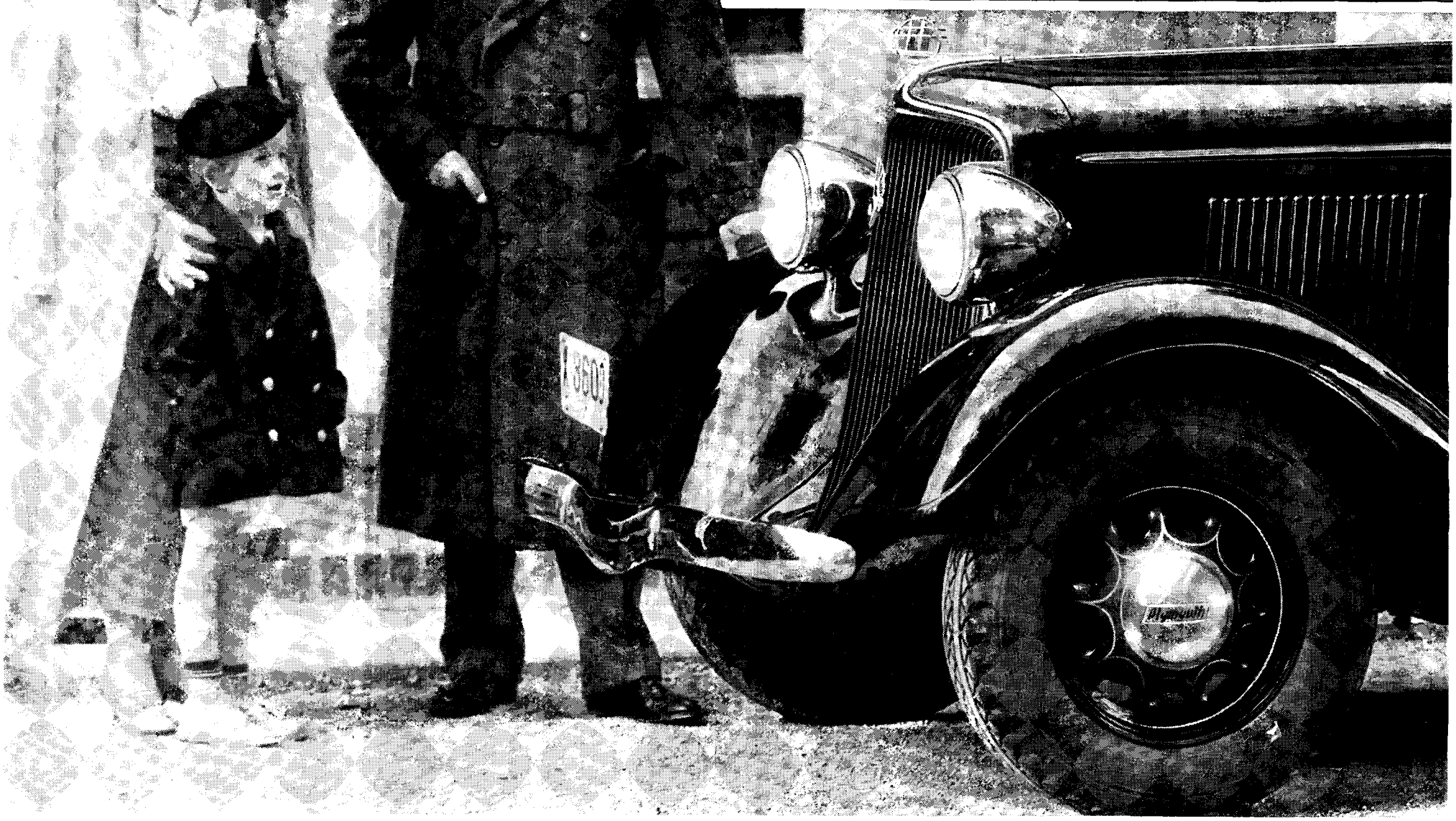

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THIS YEAR—let's be comfortable! Let's ride smoothly, evenly, swiftly, in safety! Don't let a small-car pocketbook keep us from enjoying a "big-car" ride. *Every* low-price car buyer can now have a car that's a real satisfaction to own and to drive.

Every Plymouth model—no matter what the price—has Plymouth's new individual wheel springing.

There's no axle to transfer shocks from one wheel to another. There's no more of the jolting, jouncing, nose-bouncing "tramp" that a rough road used to develop in a low-priced car! Plymouth has ended the bumpy ride. And the big, husky, 77-horsepower motor is cradled in Floating Power engine mountings. You get smoothness—because in Floating Power engine mountings you have the only basic solution of engine vibration!

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THEN LOOK AT THE BODY—it's of steel, reinforced with steel! Protection, at all times. Long life and quiet, too! All joints are permanently welded together; they can't work loose to weave and rock.

And try hydraulic brakes just once. See how they add to the thrill of driving! Smooth, sure, positive stops every time! Brakes can never become unequalized... becau the pressure must always be the same on all four whee

Longer life from your brake linings, too—becau pressure *is* equal.

Yes, this new Plymouth has everything the Ameri family wants. It has comfort. It has power. It has safe And a glance at the picture shows it has style.

See the new Plymouth—ride in it! Any Dodge, De S or Chrysler dealer stands ready, any time, to give yo complete demonstration—without the slightest cost obligation. Get in touch *now* with the dealer nearest to y

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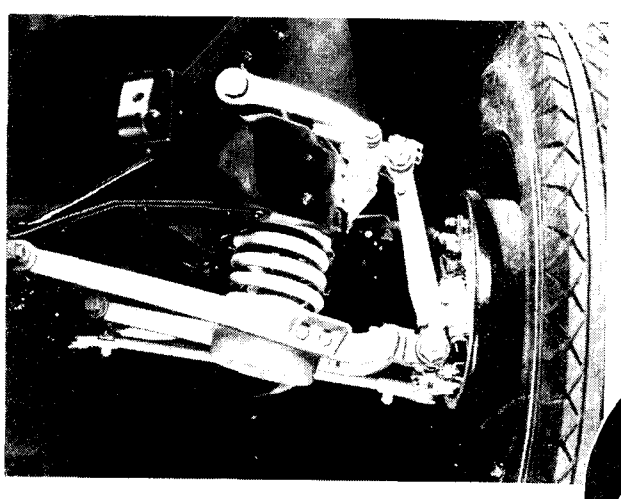
SIX

THE BIGGEST LOW-PRICED CAR... the new De Luxe Plymouth, with 114-inch wheelbase, Airwheel tires and perfected ventilation.

PERFECTED VENTILATION. On all De Luxe Plymouths, the entire window, vane and all, can be dropped out of sight. Windshields on all models open with the turning of a crank. Here's comfort... in all weathers.



GOODBYE BOUNCING! Plymouth's Individual Wheel Springing lets you forget the condition of the road. Each wheel has its own spring. There is no front axle. That means a bumpless ride.

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"MY WIFE WAS CERTAINLY SURPRISED"

—writes Mr. W. M. Burdick of Harrison, N.Y.

The solace and comfort of tobacco are available in many forms. Each form has its devoted followers. Mr. Burdick, who writes the letter below, was a cigarette smoker. Read his letter and see what happened to him when he followed his hunch to try a pipe and Edgeworth.

15 Hyatt Avenue
Harrison, New York
August 30, 1933

Larus & Brother Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

Listening to your Radio program, "The Corn Cob Pipe Club," many times I decided to try your Edgeworth tobacco.

In that I have been an inveterate cigarette smoker for over 30 years (averaging from 40 to 60 cigarettes a day) you can readily see that I had to be "shown."

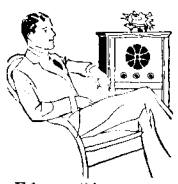
Over a month ago I acted on a "hunch" and went in to my cigar store and surprised my dealer by buying a pipe and a POUND of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed.

My wife was certainly surprised to see me smoke a pipe—and I frankly admit that now I PREFER your tobacco in my pipe to *any* cigarette.

Further, I find that since smoking Edgeworth that I have not had the "dull head" which I felt early in mornings and believe that I have done well to switch to EDGEWORTH.

With best wishes for your continued success, I am,

A converted to Edgeworth tobacco smoker,
W. M. Burdick

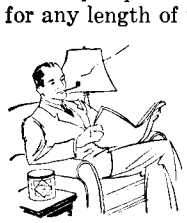


Edgeworth's program gave him a new idea.

The makers of Edgeworth Pipe Tobacco also make cigarettes. Therefore the publication of Mr. Burdick's letter is not an attack on cigarette smoking. The letter is published because it shows how a man found new pleasure and contentment from tobacco when he "discovered" pipe smoking. The unusual combination of real tobacco flavor and the genuine mildness of Edgeworth won Mr. Burdick to pipe smoking.

He bought a pipe and a pound tin.

Many pipe smokers declare that Edgeworth gives them a pleasure and satisfaction that they do not get in any other blend. That is a matter of your personal taste. You can settle it for yourself by saying "Edgeworth" to your tobacco dealer. You will find it everywhere in the 15¢ pocket package and other sizes up to the pound humidor tin, also vacuum packed tins. In the vacuum tins, Edgeworth will keep in perfect condition in any climate for any length of time.



Today he's a happy Edgeworth smoker.

The Corn Cob Pipe Club to which Mr. Burdick refers is the Edgeworth radio entertainment on the air every Wednesday night at ten o'clock Eastern time, over the WEAF Coast to Coast network of the National Broadcasting Company. You are invited to tune in.

Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco is manufactured and guaranteed by Larus & Bro. Co., Tobacconists since 1877, Richmond, Va.

The Gong and Dance Man

Continued from page 11

To date, Max had received $51,000 in purses and had spent three times that. He had bought a $35,000 house for his parents; two automobiles and fifty suits of clothes for himself and he'd hired a secretary.

Until now everything had been hearts and flowers for Max. He was happy-go-lucky, care-free and handsome. He clowned in the ring and he clowned outside of the ring and the only serious moment in his day came when he had to decide which tie to startle the natives with. He was making plenty of money and the future was an oyster which he was opening with his fists. Then a right-hand punch almost brought the world to an end for Max.

He was fighting Frankie Campbell, a good heavyweight. In an early round Max slipped and Campbell, thinking mistakenly that he'd knocked Baer down, began to walk toward a neutral corner. Max, enraged, leaped up and hurled himself at the temporarily defenseless Campbell. He put everything he had into a right-hand punch that landed on Campbell's chin with a sickening thud. The punch didn't knock Campbell out—but it did kill him.

Campbell continued to defend himself for two more rounds and then he collapsed. He died six hours later in a hospital. That one punch had literally jolted Campbell's brain out of place. Max was stunned by the horror of it. He can't mention it today without catching his breath. A killer in the ring, Max is a likable, boyish lad outside of it and this tragedy completely unnerved him. He attended the funeral of the boy he had killed and sobbingly declared that he'd never put on a glove again.

The future was bleak. He was in hock to everyone on the West Coast. His house, his cars and his clothes had all been bought on time and as yet he hadn't had time to pay for them. He couldn't do anything but fight and now he had closed that source of revenue.

Finally, however, he was persuaded by Lorimer and Ancil Hoffman, whom Lorimer had hired to handle Max, to reconsider. They convinced him that Frankie had merely been a victim of a ring hazard that every fighter must face. So again Max went into training.

His One Weakness

A few more bouts and he decided to give New York a treat. New York, weary of the "business fighters" it had been watching, took Max to its heart. Max was again the glorious clown, caring more about blondes than about bonds and talking to the sports writers with a naïve frankness that was saved from being sheer braggadocio only because of the kid's absolute sincerity.

He told the world that he'd stiffen Schaaf in six rounds and then go after Jack Sharkey. He didn't stiffen Ernie. Against the plodding, workmanlike Schaaf, Max looked as bad as a two-dollar straw hat that's been singing in the rain. Ernie made Max miss so often that even Max had to laugh, but he kept on trying. Schaaf had a crablike defense and a trick of burying his chin in his left shoulder, where Max couldn't find it. After the fight Max laughed.

"I'll beat him the next time I meet him," he said—and he did. Max does a lot of boasting, but anyone who had parlayed those boasts would be rich today.

He fought Schaaf in Chicago later on, and with three seconds to go he finally found that chin. Ernie was unconscious for twenty minutes, badly hurt. A few months later he died after fighting Carnera.

That was almost two years ago and since then Max has lost just one decision. It was that twenty-round affair at Reno with Paulino. Max's one weakness is apparent when he fights a man who is hard to hit. He isn't a sharpshooter. He can't hurl that dynamite-loaded right fist through small openings. Paulino is hard to hit and hard to hurt but Max would have hurt him if he'd hit him right. In twenty rounds he couldn't.

That same weakness lost him a bout with Tommy Loughran in 1931, but after all, who is beating Tommy Loughran? Tommy bewildered Max with more left jabs than Max knew there were in the world. Tommy is as hard to hit as a glowworm.

Which brings us up to the Schmeling fight. Jack Dempsey promoted this one and—whisper it—there are those who say that Jack has more than a friendly interest in Max. They say that he has a slice of the Livermore Larruper, which may be possible because everyone else seems to have a bit of him. A convention of Max's managers would fill any stadium.

Max likes to have some fair admirer at the ringside when he works. He had the beautiful Dorothy Dunbar at Reno when he fought Paulino. He lost the fight but won Dorothy and three days later married her. They lived happily, too, for several months, and then Max lost a one-sided fight to her in the divorce courts.

June Knight, the actress, was his inspiration in the Schmeling fight. There were rumors that she and Max were getting set for a trip to the altar. Both denied the rumors with unconvincing shyness. It made grand reading and helped fill the seats on fight night. The day after the bout Dempsey gave a dinner to Max and Schmeling. Max was wearing a pretty little slave bracelet on his right wrist.

"What's that thing?" Dempsey asked curiously.

"It's a slave bracelet, Jack," Max told him. "June Knight gave it to me."

Jack looked at it and noticed that the letters I. L. Y. were engraved on it.

"What does that mean?" the inquisitive Dempsey asked.

Max blushed a bit and whispered, "I love you."

Blond Knockouts

"Good Lord!" Dempsey moaned, "and I've been going around telling everybody that you're the next heavyweight champion."

"Are you really going to marry June Knight?" someone asked Max.

"Ask June," Max said coyly. Two weeks later they did ask her. She was in Hollywood, having just signed a picture contract.

"Certainly not," she said coldly. "That was just a publicity stunt Max and I were coöperating on."

That gave Max a real jolt. He had (for the moment) fallen hard for June. Max has beaten all sorts of fighters but he hasn't won a decision over a blonde yet. But then, name two men who have.

And now Max is a movie actor. What's more, he is a good actor. His picture, The Prize Fighter and the Lady, was one of the hits of the year. Hollywood wants him to make some more pictures. The fight public and the promoters want him to fight Carnera. He can make a lot of money either way, but he can't make up his mind yet. Or maybe it's just part of the ballyhoo. It's getting so you can't believe what you read in the papers about fights and fighters.

"Another thing I thought of was sawing the broom off to fit him!"

Frank Owen

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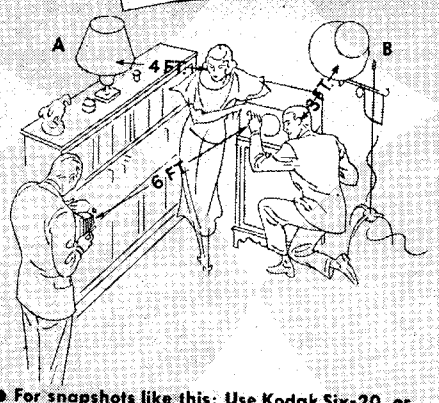
Snapshots at Night!

HOW TO GET THIS PICTURE



● For snapshots like this: Use Kodak Six-20, or any other camera with f.6.3 or faster lens (at the f.6.3 stop opening), loaded with the new Kodak "SS" Film. Exposure 1/25 second.

Arrangement of lights: Two Mazda Photofloods (35¢ each) in lamp "A"; one Photoflood in lamp "B." Photofloods (illustrated at left) are good for two hours or more of continuous use . . . good for lots of pictures.

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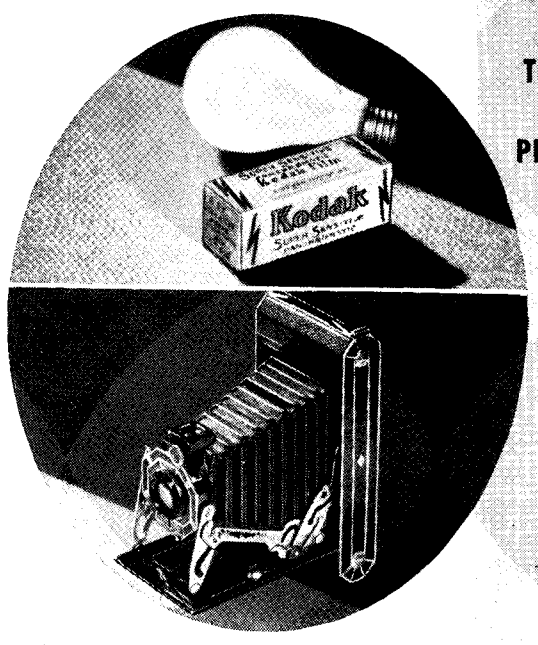

● KODAK SIX-20 *with Kodak Anastigmat lens f.6.3 is ideal for making night snapshots. Pictures, 2¼ x 3¼ inches, price $17.50.* KODAK SIX-16 *with f.6.3 lens, pictures 2½ x 4¼ inches, $20.*

. . . with Eastman's remarkable new "SS" film

FIRST came snapshots in direct sunlight. Then snapshots on dull days and in the shade. Now snapshots . . . indoors . . . at NIGHT!

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Use a camera with an *f.*6.3 (or faster) lens, two or three Mazda Photoflood bulbs that screw into any socket, and Kodak Super Sensitive Panchromatic Film. Kodak "SS" Film has three times the speed of ordinary film under artificial light.

Hold the camera in your hands as you would outdoors. One touch of the button—click—and you've made a snapshot. Indoors . . . at NIGHT!

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Indoor pictures are easy with "SS" Film—the only trick is arranging your lights. Ask your dealer (or write us direct) for the new free folder, "Snapshots at Night." This leaflet also tells how to make successful night pictures with any camera with the 15¢ Mazda Photoflash lamp. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

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Whether you shave with lather or latherless, don't forget the happy ending —Aqua Velva!

The shave done, you'll wash your face, of course, whatever you use. Then, while your face is moist, apply Aqua Velva, generously. You can afford to. It costs next to nothing a day.

And it does real things for you, both pleasant and helpful.

Tingles your skin awake. Makes it feel alive, alert, toned up, firm and Fit.

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Make Aqua Velva a part of your morning routine. Every day it will seem to you more worth while.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY,
Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.
Ville La Salle, Montreal, Can.

For After-Shaving

See and Believe

Continued from page 9

should be sued for giving Albert the money. Cousin John told me: "Ach, I could not refuse. Albert said his prison was not so dark as the girl's would be. What could a man do?"

Louella stayed in town. She got a job at Cy Stuckey's hotel, waiting table. There was a lot of mighty mean talk against her at first but it kind of died away. She turned out to be a bustling, sensible little body and a big help to Miss Louise. Albert was plumb daft about her.

I overheard some of the town boys joshing Albert in front of the picture show one evening. "Hey, Albert," one of them said, "I hear you're sweet on Louella Wilcox."

"She's my best friend," Albert said.

"Mighty pretty, ain't she, Albert?"

"Yes. Prettiest girl in this town."

"Go on. She's got dun-red hair and freckles—"

Albert said right quick: "You haven't seen her. You haven't seen her," and tapped on off.

He and Louella were as thick as thieves. He walked to work with her every morning and was always hanging around when she got off in the evening. I'd see them in the most outlandish places. Once they had climbed to a pier of the highway bridge and were sitting on it jabbering away for dear life. Another time they were running Nigger Joe's barbecue stand for him. One evening, I was closing up the store when I heard a lot of loud talking and scuffling across Main Street in front of Phillips' drug store. A little boy ran in yelling, "He's hitting Albert. He's hitting Albert."

I grabbed up a mop and went across the street. It was the most terrible mix-up I ever saw. Albert and Pete Billink's oldest boy were wrestling on the sidewalk. Louella, with her sweater all torn and her hair pulled down, was clawing and scratching at young Billink. I fetched him a clout over the head with my mop and he stopped fighting. Cy Stuckey yanked Albert to his feet. He broke loose and made another wild rush at Billink, not saying a word. It took two men to hold him. "You wait till you get your eyes," Cy Stuckey said.

ALBERT never would tell what started the fight, but the other boys said Billink had been joshing him about Louella. I didn't think Albert should get so wrapped up in the girl. She was a good-hearted little thing, but if Albert got his sight back there would be plenty of girls glad to go with him. I mind when Albert came of age, Louella fixed up a birthday party for him. Almost all the young folks she invited came to the party. Louella didn't have on a fit-looking dress, but Albert wouldn't dance with any girl but her.

She was sort of mortified at her clothes and did a lot of stumbling. But Albert kept saying in her ear: "You're a good dancer. Of course you are. Don't be afraid." I noticed that some of the other girls liked Albert, and Mabel Preece was downright stuck on him. She kept saying: "Come on and play your violin for us. Play the piece you made up. Louella won't mind. Miss Louise needs her to wait on the table."

Albert said: "Louella helped me write the piece and it's a duet."

I mind that I got Albert aside during refreshments and tried to have a serious talk with him.

"Isn't it about time you were going to St. Louis?" I asked him. "You're of age now."

Albert nodded.

"I've been thinking about it, Mr. Wilson. I'm about ready to see."

"That's an odd way to look at it," I said. "I should think you'd have been anxious to use your eyes long before this."

"Using your eyes is a pretty tough job, Mr. Wilson," he said. "You've got to see *right* with them or you'd better stay blind. I'm about ready, though, I think."

I beat around the bush a little.

"*You planning to stay in Bluff City?*"

"No. Louella thinks I should go to the city and work at my music. She's very brave and ambitious. She knows how to use her eyes too. She's taught me a lot."

"I never noticed she was any better with her eyes than lots of girls," I said, real dry.

JUST then we heard Louella laughing at something.

"That's the loveliest voice in the world," he said.

I gave it up. Albert was too much for me.

Miss Louise died when Albert was twenty-two. She left him an insurance policy for eight hundred dollars and what little else she owned. I was there in the bank when Judge Witmark read her will. Albert and Louella were sitting in chairs against the wall of the directors' room.

"I bequeath all I have to my dear boy, Albert Jimsey," the will said, "hoping that he will obey my wish and undergo an immediate operation to restore his sight. It is also my hope that he will some day marry Louella Wilcox, who loves him dearly, and she is to have my mother's ring and the silver."

Albert sat there with tears streaming out of his eyes. Louella was flustered and looked at the floor.

"She was the finest lady in this town," he said. "All her life she lived in a castle." Then he got up and walked out. Louella just sat there. Judge Witmark pushed a shoe box with the ring and the silver in it across the table. He blew his nose and walked out too.

I never saw a girl look so white and sad.

"Do you feel faint?" I asked her finally.

She stared at me sort of wildly.

"Your wife was right," she said all of a sudden, "I'm a bad, wicked person! I don't want him to see. I don't, oh, I don't!"

"That's no way to talk, if you love the boy, Louella."

"Look at me. Would he think of me twice if he could *see* me? He thinks I'm beautiful. *Me.* And you and Cousin John and Mrs. Dinwiddie and Nigger Joe—you know how he thinks of you all? You're saints to him. And the places in this awful little town—the places he loves. Miss Louise's house. With the shutters hanging every which way and the holes in the parlor carpet and the ratty, dirty old furniture. He calls it a castle. And that cinder dump and the barbecue stand—oh, they're all so *ugly.* It will break his heart. I know it."

She put her head down and cried. I studied for a spell. I saw what she was driving at and it made me feel pretty blue. Albert hadn't been living in Bluff City at all. He'd been living in darkness and hearing voices and fumbling and stumbling. Pretty soon now he would be looking at us for the first time in his life. I don't mind telling you the idea sort of gave me the willies. I certainly could see Louella's point.

"He'll see the sun and the flowers and the trees, Louella," I told her. "That will make up to him any disappointments. Sure it will. Besides, you're a right pert girl and Albert isn't like a lot of boys."

Louella shook her head.

"He won't look twice at me again." She dried her eyes and stood up, snuffling. "I bet I could stop him if I had a mind to. I bet I could."

"You wouldn't do that," I said.

And Louella didn't. I'll say that for her. She talked the other way. So Albert went to St. Louis with Mrs. Dinwiddie and Cousin John.

He was gone five weeks. He wrote to Louella every single day. Louella wasn't very happy about it. She moped around like a lost soul. I dropped by the hotel several times to cheer her up. We talked about Albert's future.

"Albert won't stay here," she said, "he's got a lot of musical talent. He'll write music some day." I knew she had bought Albert a violin out of her wages. It was a funny thing, but when she talked about Albert she was right passable-looking. I sure felt awful sorry for her. Albert was downright handsome and with seeing eyes he might go far in the world. It didn't seem like Louella would have much chance. But I kept telling her things Albert had put in the letter he wrote me, making up some of them. I don't think Louella was fooled any, though.

WHEN we were going down to the Wabash station to meet Albert and Mrs. Dinwiddie and Cousin John, Louella got cold feet. She said, "Stop the car, Mr. Wilson. I'm going to get out. I can't do it, I can't do it."

My wife had spent a long time getting Louella dolled up in new clothes and her hair curled and all. She didn't want it wasted. She said: "Don't be silly, Louella. Running away won't help anything. Don't be a coward."

I got the willies when the train pulled in. There was quite a crowd collected. The city newspapers had run long articles that day telling about Albert.

Mrs. Dinwiddie got off first, then Cousin John. They were smiling. I felt Louella close to me, shivering like she had the ague. Then, all of a sudden, I saw Albert. He was looking all around as he got off the steps. His eyes were brown. That was the first thing I noticed. His eyes were brown and they were wide open and looking all around.

I heard Mrs. Dinwiddie say: "And Albert, this is Judge Witmark and this is Mr. Cy Stuckey."

"I know you both," Albert said, laughing.

Then, without a bit of prompting, he pushed through the crowd and came straight to Louella.

"Hello, Louella," he said.

"How—how did you—" Louella said in a gaspy way.

"I'd know you anywhere, any time, Louella," he said. "You're the prettiest girl in this town."

Then he turned to me.

"Hello, Mr. Wilson. You've got a big, fat, jolly stomach." Those were his very words.

The truth sort of struck me all of a sudden. Albert had been seeing us all his days. Not with flesh and blood eyes, but with some other kind of eyes.

He put his arm around Louella in the old way.

"Louella and I are going for a walk," he said. "I want to see the beautiful places first."

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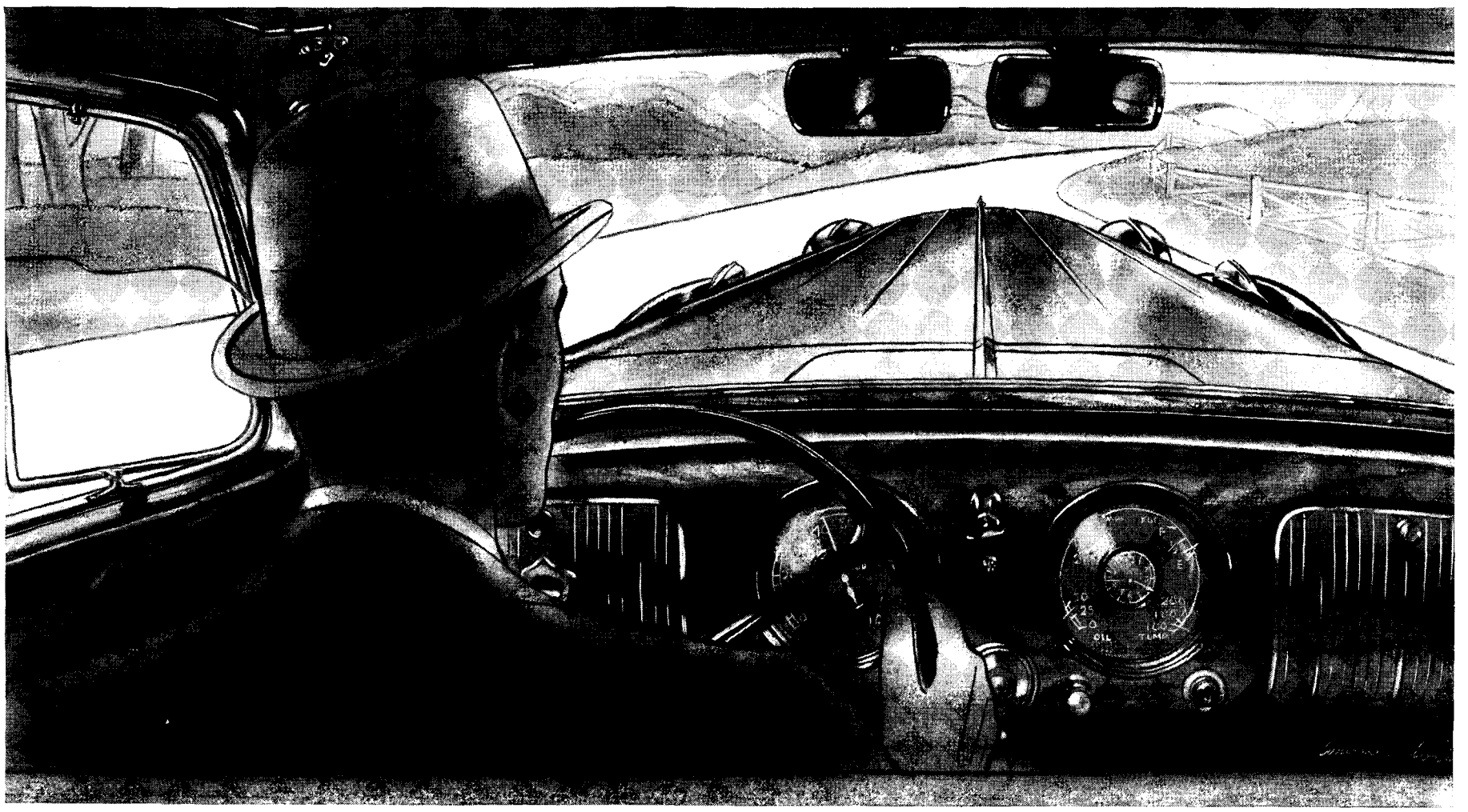
"My! Look at the Length of That Hood!"



As you look out the windshield over the hood of a 1934 Nash, you get the impression of the *longest* hood you have ever seen on *any* car of *any* wheelbase!

And what an atmosphere of luxury greets your eye inside the car! The instrument panel, the handsome instruments themselves—what a work of art! The cushions, upholstery, trim, carpeting, hardware—*everything* you see intensifies your desire to own the car.

You can hardly wait to drive. You start the motor. You touch the accelerator. Then comes a thrill you'll never forget. The thrill of Twin Ignition power. The thrill of a big valve-in-head motor with *two* spark plugs firing at once in each cylinder. The thrill of 22% more power than the self-same motor would have with only single ignition.

What else? Lots more . . . A new built-in clear-vision ventilation system. New individually-sprung front wheels—optional at slight extra cost. New coincidental starter. New equal-action brakes. New upward-action dual windshield wipers, gear driven. *Dozens* of new developments.

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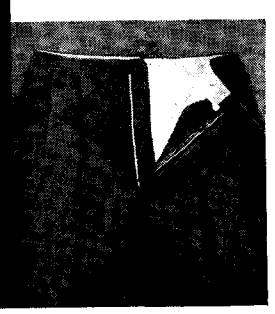
TALON-TAILORED TROUSERS *

WITH THE THIN, SMOOTH, CONTINUOUS, SEAM-LIKE CLOSURE



In those formal evening hours when a flaw in tailoring is as deplorable as a breach of etiquette . . . the unsightliness of the button closure in trousers has no rightful place. Men have accepted it because they have known no other method.

A special Talon fastener provides the perfection of tailoring detail that marks distinction in dress for all occasions. For this new Talon trouser fastener makes possible a closure smooth, continuous, thin, inconspicuous as a seam.

Thousands of men, today, are wearing suits with Talon-Tailored Trousers. They have found not only a new tailoring refinement but new convenience and security as well.

Judge for yourself. Just try on, at your leading store, a suit with Talon-Tailored Trousers.

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PA.
NEW YORK • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • CHICAGO
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***Why TALON means New Distinction in Trousers**

1 Talon trouser fastener is a special slide fastener made expressly for trouser use . . . very small and extremely flexible.
2 Talon is absolutely invisible when the fly is closed.
3 Talon scientifically applied—cannot catch in underclothing.
4 Talon creates continuous closure so smooth and *thin* only a fine line indicates the opening.
5 Talon eliminates ugliness of the button fly. Side wrinkles and gaps between buttons are gone.
6 The old button-hole strip is entirely omitted—eliminating the traditional bulkiness of fly tailoring.
7 Talon excludes the possibility of embarrassing disarray.
8 Talon, when in use, does not require the undoing of the top button of the trousers. It moves smoothly and easily from just below the waist-fastening, to the bottom of the fly.
9 Talon is the slide fastener that is not harmed by dry cleaning or pressing.
10 Talon, unlike the old buttons and button-holes, gives perfect, unchanging service far beyond the life of a suit.

THERE IS ONLY ONE SLIDE FASTENER SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR MEN'S TAILORING • ITS CORRECT NAME IS TALON
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The National Air

Continued from page 22

gives little dinners at which business clothes are mandatory, and Mrs. Roosevelt thinks nothing of adding an extra chair and plate for a late arrival.

The White House, which was dark at ten o'clock during the occupancy of the early-to-bed Coolidges and Hoovers, now glows with light till midnight, as if beaming a benediction on larger, noisier and more rollicking crowds passing by to their homes after a night out. Mr. Roosevelt likes to go to bed late and arise the same way, and statesmen are no longer aroused at dawn so as to be on time for Vermont breakfasts of sausages and pancakes, or Mr. Hoover's strenuous medicine ball classes. Mr. Roosevelt holds a political salon around his bedside in the middle of the morning, exhibiting no fear lest the sight of the Chief Executive in pajamas weaken respect for him personally or politically.

Capital Fun

Society, official, unofficial and otherwise, has become more interesting as it has become more informal and iconoclastic. It's exciting and educational to be alive and asked out in Washington these days. The small-town congressman, or even the rear-end Cabinet member, is no longer the wearisome lion of the drawing-rooms, for newly made names don't mean so much when picturesque and stimulating figures are arriving each day to occupy positions which overshadow such commonplace Cabineteers as the Secretaries of Navy, Army and Commerce.

Table talk no longer consists of light, trite badinage, or of worn-out anecdotes about worn-out political hacks. Instead of listening to a Hoosier member repeat the same speech with which he bored the House in the afternoon, you may sit next to a handsome young professor out to remake the world nearer to his poetic desire, to an oil magnate whose fortune and talk flow from Mesopotamian fields, to a business man who, gossiping in reflected glory, relays a humorous remark which the President made to him alone, to a painter who is framing a code for superior but starving artists, to a sociologist bubbling with ideas for advantageous employment of new, leisure time, or to a brownstone dweller from Old Georgetown who wonders what will become of the fine old traditions in the face of this frenzied disorder.

At a farewell party to the daughter of a retiring ambassador several gay friends of the host engaged two fake policemen to stage a raid upon the buffet that was loaded down with bottles of Scotch. To the entertaining diplomat's protest that he enjoyed immunity from the Volstead Act they told him to "tell that to the judge," and he was hustled as far as the driveway before the impersonators were paid off.

Ray Moley, erstwhile boss of the "brain trust," suffered from the same sort of horseplay. Fuming and reddening, he listened as another speaker satirized the "boy professors who don't know nothing," and asked somebody to tell him why they should be rewarded with fine positions while his four husky, coal-mining brothers in Scranton, "who know more than they ever will, can't even get jobs as letter carriers."

Not until the professor was about to reply in kind—or unkind—did the frightened toastmaster, an ex-Broadway hoofer, save the evening with the explanation that it was just good, clean Democratic fun in a capital which, despite the depression, doesn't take itself too seriously and believes in having a good time.

"It's no use trying to make up with me" *Henry Anton*

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Thunder in the Dust

Continued from page 21

he bothers you—you let me know. I'll break him in two."

She didn't answer him. It seemed to Cloud that she had become irretrievably remote, unreachable.

At the hacienda he opened the gate for her, and held her pony as she dismounted.

Kathleen said, "Good night," then turned instantly and was gone into the house. Cloud was left standing with the reins of the two horses in his hands and a gone, empty feeling in his middle.

He shrugged his shoulders, mounted, and rode the two miles to his cow camp, profoundly disturbed. It was a new thing to him to have events rise and swirl about him, deciding his fortune, while he yet took so little part; and he was lost as he tried to understand what had come over Kathleen.

IT WAS nearly midnight, but he had no thought of turning in. He sat before his adobe listening to the hiss of the damp wind in the lonely pines, very watchful and broad awake without having anything to watch for. When a horse came up the valley from La Partida he heard it a long way off, half an hour before the rider came into view.

The rider was del Pino. He ran his horse toward the corrals, zigzagging uncertainly; then turned, came hammering to where Cloud sat, and pulled up sliding, his horse wind-blown and foaming. Del Pino was not wearing his frock coat now, but a shapeless bundle tied behind the saddle might have contained it.

He scrambled down from the saddle, then for a moment seemed nonplussed to find that Cloud was alone. "Where is he? Where is he?" the little man jerked out.

Cloud did not have to ask to whom del Pino referred. "How the hell should I know where he is? Last I saw him, he was in La Partida."

Del Pino raised hysterical hands to the stars. "This is always the way! I never knew it any different! This is what comes to a man who spends his life trying to raise up El Fuerte! The hour comes, and all is ready—and where is he?"

Cloud could not restrain a sudden chuckle. "Maybe he's gone to look for quail seeds," he suggested.

An inarticulate whimper burst from del Pino and, turning, he flung himself up the side of his horse like a man scaling a wall.

"Just a minute." Cloud came to his feet smoothly and swiftly, and seized the rein of del Pino's horse. The hard-run animal reared, almost unseating the little rider. "Don't move so quick. You'll stampede and scare yourself, del Pino."

"Let me go!" del Pino gibbered. "Let loose, I say! *Mil diablos!* There is not a minute to lose!"

"I want to know what's up; and the quicker you let me know, the quicker you'll be gone from here."

Del Pino's efforts to jerk his horse free from Cloud's hold subsided, and words rushed out of him. "I tell you I have seen this thing before! I tell you I know how these people must be handled! These people will do anything for El Fuerte. But he must seize his chance at the right time and in the right place. When the people are ready to rise up, then you must rise them up—immediate! Tomorrow will not do, tomorrow night will not do! In this thing a man must seize his hour."

"You're all excited," Cloud told him.

"I tell you I know what I'm doing," del Pino said savagely. "Tonight I can raise him near a thousand men. Tomorrow—*quien sabe?* But it's not too late yet! I know where he is. I could have had him halfway to La Partida now, but I rode past like a fool because I saw no lights. By *Dios*, I'll get him out of that! Of all nights, what a night for it! But I'll get him to La Partida if I have to drag him out from between the sheets. Let me go!"

"I think," said Tom Cloud softly, "I'll go find El Fuerte for you myself."

"Then come quick. Maybe you catch me on the road. But now I must go!"

"You're staying here," Cloud told him. "It just comes to me that I want to look into this little thing alone."

Del Pino stared at him blankly. "But—are you crazy? I—"

"Get down off that horse," Cloud ordered him; and as del Pino hesitated he dragged him out of the saddle by the belt. Del Pino danced and gibbered, unloosing a torrent of Spanish. With a few motions Cloud stripped saddle and bridle from del Pino's horse, and sent it stampeding into the dark by tossing the whole saddle rigging across its hocks.

"Quick. New horses!" begged del Pino. He fumbled about his overturned saddle for his rope.

"I'll tend to the horses." In the horse corral Cloud roped the best pony that was left and quickly saddled. Then he kicked down the bars of the gate, mounted, and routed the few remaining ponies out into the dark. He sent up a long, hazing yell and, pulling his gun, let loose four or five shots into the sky. With a rush of hoofs the horse bunch scattered into the night.

"What do you do?" cried del Pino, almost weeping. "What is this thing? Sir, I tell you—"

"I told you I wanted to look into this thing alone. I meant it. You don't act to me like you'd stay put, if there was any way for you to keep from it. But you'll stay put now." Cloud knew well enough that del Pino, awkward with the rope, would have no luck at catching any one of the ponies in the dark. "Now just you sit tight and cool off. By and by maybe somebody'll send you a pony. I don't know yet." His voice was drawling, very hard and cool; so changed that the horrified del Pino must have felt he was listening to another man. Certainly all the frantic steam suddenly went out of del Pino. He stood limp and silent, his face tragic, as he watched Tom Cloud drift off down-valley at a swinging lope.

WHEN Kathleen had closed the door upon Tom Cloud, she stood where she was, and leaned her forehead wearily against the heavy panel. Now that the door was shut between them she no longer wanted him to go away, but realized immediately that above all things she dreaded to be alone. Almost she opened the door again and called out to him; but as she hesitated she heard him mount and turn his horses. And she let him go, though the sound of retreating hoofs gave her a progressive sinking of the heart, much like the feeling of a little child when adult footsteps recede down the long stairway, leaving him alone in the dark.

For just lately, for the first time in her life, Kathleen was afraid of the dark. The aged peon people who took care of the house for her lived in a couple of two-room adobes several hundred yards away. They would hear her

(Continued on page 40)

"His Lordship was highly excited"

1—Last night his Lordship went quite on the rant. Said he'd been a coffee planter in Malabar and no one could tell him anything about coffee!

2—"They can't take the caffein out and have it like this," he said. "Not with this rich, mellow, full-bodied aroma."

3—"Perkins," said her Ladyship, "what coffee is his Lordship drinking?" "Sanka Coffee, your Ladyship," I replied. "And the caffein is removed?" she asked. "97%," I answered, "if I am reliably informed!"

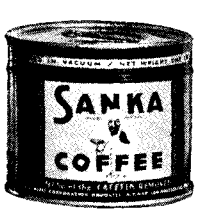
4—Then his Lordship became highly excited. Said by gad he'd test it. Told me to bring him a pot of it at midnight and he'd *see* whether he could drink it and sleep.

5—This morning his Lordship was chipper as a lark. Said he never winked an eye all night. Told me to see that cook carried through with Sanka. Slipped me ten bob—good old sportsman, his Lordship.

Try a good strong cup of Sanka Coffee tonight. It is real, cheering, delicious coffee with 97% of the caffein removed. So Sanka Coffee can't keep you awake, fray your nerves or upset your digestion. Your grocer sells Sanka Coffee—in vacuum-sealed cans—with a money-back guarantee of satisfaction. The Sanka *all-purpose* grind makes excellent coffee by any method, including drip. Sanka Coffee is a product of General Foods.

SANKA COFFEE

Real Coffee—97% caffein-free. Drink it and sleep!



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JANE: I don't know why we didn't make this trip years ago. It's so easy.

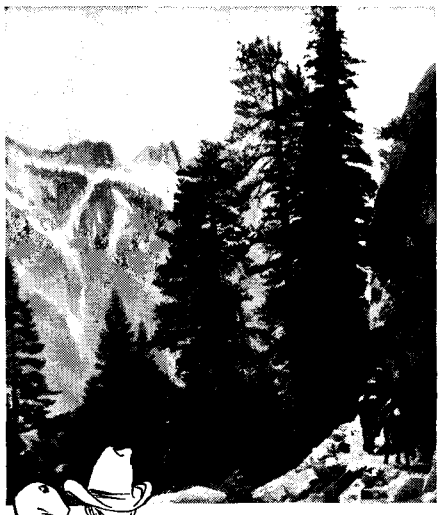
BILL: Really half-a-dozen vacations in one . . . and all in 2 weeks. Come on, let's try that surf again!

JANE: We're certainly seeing the sights — Beverly Hills, Santa Monica, Malibu, Long Beach, Pasadena, Pomona and Glendale yesterday ...Movie studios today, Mexico tomorrow...

BILL: And Yosemite on our way home!

JANE: This is like something you've read about but never expected to see.

BILL: Talk about your South Sea Islands—only there's no rain and the nights are cool.



BILL: Hold your breath . . . here comes another view.

JANE: Whoever called this a land of contrasts certainly had the right idea. I feel as though I'd been around the world!

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(Continued from page 39)

if she called out, of course—only nothing was going to happen that would make her call out. Sometimes she wished that something would, so tight did her nerves get, alone in that old house that became cavernous with the night.

She could not forget that this room in which she stood was the room in which John Boyce had died, and with the darkness in front of her eyes she could see again his lifeless, unnaturally sprawled body in the corner, half behind his chair, with the blue steel of the rifle barrel beneath. Not that she was afraid of death, or ghosts, or John Boyce, living or dead; she wasn't even afraid of the violence that had killed him. It was only that shock and horror could live again in the dark. And in this house at night she was so utterly, terribly alone. It made the Valley of the Witch—even the whole country—seem strange and hostile. The peons could not even talk to her in her own language; and Tom Cloud, the nearest person she cared about, was two miles away.

SHE turned away from the cold surface of the door and walked through the house to her own room steadily, with her chin up. It was a little more friendly here, because the room was smaller, and the light from the shaded lamp was nice. It helped, too, when she touched a match to the kindling that was laid in the adobe fireplace in the corner of her room. Without saying anything to her, Cloud had ordered one of her *mozos* to lay that fire every day. He did it better than Pepe, the little grinning muleteer whom the rurales had killed.

Kathleen undressed and resolutely blew out the lamp.

Instantly the darkness came closer again. The little fire, already dying, filled the room with wavering shadows without seeming to give any light. Kathleen unlatched a window, which Tom had asked her not to do, crept between the cold sheets of her immense bed, and for a little while lay curled up, shivering. Even when she wasn't cold any more she lay curiously rigid, unready for sleep.

The big, unsquared timbers of the roof were beginning to talk now, complaining of the change in the weather, but it was not the unsilence of the old house that kept her awake tonight. It was the drums, the everlasting, insistent, untiring drums of La Partida that would not be still and let her rest. The distant lowing of cattle, down by the fence where Tom Cloud weaned calves, was silent now in the midnight quiet that always came upon the valley; and, straining her ears, Kathleen thought that she could hear the drums at La Partida beating still, carried across five miles of hills and valley by the raw wind. Or maybe it was only that they were beating in her head—even beating somewhere in her body, under her heart.

Under the hammering of those drums Kathleen had found herself strangely racked. Their pulsing rhythms had not repelled her, but drawn her with a hypnotic fascination, as if some strange, primitive part of her that had never wakened before was stirring in its sleep, trying to rouse and answer their urgent, unintelligible pleading.

Looking in her mirror as she undressed she had noticed how slanting her eyes seemed; they always drew upward at the corners when she was in need of sleep and could not sleep. The shadows about her eyes made her face look thinner, so that her cheek bones seemed very prominent. She had wondered if by any chance there could be any of the blood of the ancient Aztecs in her veins, a heritage from the Spanish part of her ancestry. Certainly she had been at a loss to know herself as she had stood half hypnotized behind the La Partida balcony, watching the light of fires twitch upon dark-faced figures; as if the drum-madness could reach out and touch something within her, as it visibly worked upon the Spanish-Indian people.

Kathleen pressed her eyes with the palms of both hands. The black emptiness of the house was unbearable, and she hated the lifeless, impersonal pressure of the mattress against her body. She kept remembering that if she had surrendered herself to Tom Cloud tonight, as he had urged, he would be here now, with the great, steady strength of his arms about her, shutting out forever the loneliness and the dark and the nagging of little understood drums. She could not understand why it had been impossible for her to let Tom Cloud into her heart, and herself into his arms. In the few months that she had known him Tom Cloud had become very dear to her, and more than dear. He was never out of her thoughts for very long. Her need for him had mounted almost by the hour, since the first time she had ever seen him; until she no longer concealed from herself that she wished to be possessed by him, completely and forever, more than she had ever wanted anything in her life. Yet she had come once more into this dark house alone, and closed the door. She only knew that she had felt incomplete, unready—and that above all she was a stranger to herself.

Certainly she was not in love with El Fuerte. Very strongly she sensed the great, vital strength of the man—a vitality of the soil, of horses, of the brown mountains and desert winds; but in many ways the extraordinary hill-captain actively repelled her. His way, upon occasion, of walking about barefoot in the dust—with splayed toes that suggested his having worn sandals once for a long time—was inexplicable to her, and made him seem like a horse or a wolf, and not of a civilized human breed.

YET, even while it frightened her, that sense of the earthy vitality in El Fuerte did something else; it fascinated and disturbed her with a faint sense of the hypnotic, like the muffled thunder of the ancient drums. She knew now that before she had ever heard those drums she had sensed them through El Fuerte. It was as if they were an expression of El Fuerte; or perhaps it was simply that she sensed the same quality of the elemental in both.

When she had stood in their pulsing beat at La Partida and El Fuerte had caught her up in one arm and kissed her mouth, all those primitive, unknown things within herself that the drums called up had surged to her head, making her utterly unknown to herself.

Behind that was the reason that she had stood aloof from Tom Cloud these last weeks—loving him, sometimes, as if her heart would cry out aloud, yet uncertain of herself because of the strange, primitive stir that had come into the depths of her. For even before she had heard the drums, the same effect had been in the serenading of El Fuerte.

Sometimes during those weeks, Cloud could have had her for the asking. If he had taken her in his arms, if he had grinned and commanded her, she would have clung to him and begged him never to let her go. And she knew he would have done it, if she had given him a sign, by so much as looking him in the eyes. But she had given no sign, held frozen by something she could not have named.

So now she lay unmoving, very terribly alone; and the timbers of the roof

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spoke in imitation of footsteps that seemed to come and go in the ancient house, and the drums of La Partida throbbed silently, unceasingly, as if they were beating in her soul.

Then presently she knew that she was not going to be alone, all this long night. A loping horse was coming up the valley trail. It could have been someone sent with a message to Tom Cloud; but somehow she knew that it was not, and that the pony would not go hammering past the hacienda, but would stop. And before the first tentative tuning chord whispered, out by the garden wall, she knew who had ridden the five miles from La Partida.

HER heart beat heavily, but her taut body relaxed as, ten yards from her open window, rose up lustily the swinging, swaggering song with which El Fuerte always began his serenades:

"Alla-a-a—
En mi rancho grande,
Adonde yo viviá—woopee!—"

El Fuerte's way of singing a love song was like no one else's on earth. True that his voice was not especially good. But lazily, easily, without any effort, he could make live again old, timeworn words that had been sung for a hundred years; almost as if all the desire of all the people who had ever sung those songs lived again in the night to which he sang. Just casually, he could open his throat and let all those forgotten people speak through him, sing through him all their longing and sorrow:

"To you I come to say goodby . . .
Because I go, tomorrow . . ."

The singing alone could not have got all that effect, perhaps, without the gentle mourning whisper of the guitar. The guitar that was scarred by the brush, that had lain hidden so often in so many distantly separated thickets of chaparral, was singing tonight as Kathleen had never heard it sing before. Ordinarily El Fuerte was greatly given to a slashing, robustious type of musicianship, ignoring more subtle effects in favor of an occasional great ringing stroke on one of the elementary chords. But there was no breaking of strings tonight. The instrument wept and wailed through minors and soft slurring runs, doing things that a guitar can hardly be made to do. Enchanted by the sheer genius of the fingering, Kathleen imagined the lazy, adept flourishes of El Fuerte's big hands as he played.

Her imagination, as it happened, was mistaken. El Fuerte, in actuality, was lying on his back on the low wall, one ankle on his propped-up knee, his head bolstered up on a sack of corn someone had left there. His poncho was wrapped about him against the increasing raw cold of the wind, and a black cigarette trailed from the corner of his lips; its coal cast a faint glow about his mouth when he favored it with an occasional drag.

But though the rhythmic lament of the guitar wooed the night unceasingly, El Fuerte's hands were locked behind his head. It was a man with a black face and dirty white pajamas, and no shoes, who squatted on his heels beyond the wall, playing with the caressing, gentle stroke of genius:

"Let me see you for the last time;
Let me see myself in your eyes—"

The liquid run of the Spanish words, enunciated slurringly, but beautiful still, took possession of all of the night. El Fuerte was taking longer at it than usual, for this time his singing was not that of a capricious serenader who had all the time in the world to get where he was going. This was the singing of a man who had only tonight, whose tomorrow belonged to horses and marching hill cavalry, mud and commissariat problems and guns:

" . . . for perhaps in the depths of your eyes . . .
I may see that you cannot forget me . . ."

Kathleen supposed that she was listening to the serenading of El Fuerte for the last time. He could not afford to be here now—she knew that. In preparation for the blow he had planned to strike there would be a hundred minor leaders to bargain with, a hundred plans to lay, a thousand details that no one could take care of but himself.

She could not, of course, know that del Pino, whose life was harassed by pursuits of quail seeds, could have explained this thing to her most snappily. What she was thinking was that she would probably never see this extraordinary figure again. Perhaps she would see him ride off on the gorgeous palomino mare, at the head of all that ragtag and bobtail of mounted men that could become so dangerous in his hands. But after that, never any more.

It was hard to remember that he was no better than a bandit, that he was not of her people, never could be of her people. . . .

"Let me speak to you for the last time—
Let me say that I adore you . . .
That locked within you is something
I can never find again. . . ."

Some of that song was timeworn, and some of it was new; perhaps even a little of it had been made by El Fuerte himself, to take the place of parts he had forgotten. But behind the words was something that came partly from the brush-scarred guitar and partly from the voice, and this was brokenly urgent and pleading, and more specific than the words.

The drums of La Partida were throbbing and pulsing in the song, so that it was like a song from the heart of the earth itself, as if the deep, latent forces of the earth were singing through an instrument and a man. Like the drums it drugged the brain, ending thought, and raising slow, ancient fires to take the place of thought.

KATHLEEN BOYCE never knew what happened to her as she listened to that song. A primitive hypnosis was upon her, so that she was unaware of where she was, or who was singing. Then suddenly she remembered that El Fuerte had sung for a long time, and that this must surely be the last of his singing; in a moment the last whimpering of the guitar would die away, and she would sense the moving off of the singer, leaving her alone. For a moment the unbearable black loneliness of the house chilled her heart, and she felt a touch of panic that all but stopped her breath.

She lay quiet a moment more, and her heart was beating like the drums behind the song. Then she got out of bed as if she were drawing away from something that might seize her in the cold dark, slipped into her sandals, and caught a serape about her. To go out of the house on the side where El Fuerte waited, she had to go along a little hall, to a door which opened upon a little gallery, which in turn opened upon the yard. Down this hall Kathleen walked unsteadily and mechanically, as if she walked in her sleep; and slowly unlatched the door.

(To be continued next week)

Coming out on top?

Many a man gets self-complacent about his hair even when the first tell-tale strays begin to fleck his coat collar. Time to worry, thinks he, when it's really showing thin. Don't fool yourself, brother. Get a bottle of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic and start now to stop that falling hair. At least once a week before shampooing, apply the Tonic liberally to the scalp and massage, round and round, for several minutes. This Tonic massage does for the scalp exactly what a vigorous walk does for the rest of the body—speeds up the circulation, stimulates sluggish glands to greater activity. Loosens dandruff particles, too; counteracts dry scalp.

Your druggist sells 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Two sizes of shaker-top bottles. Barbers everywhere recommend and use it.

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE
Look for the trademark VASELINE

when you buy. If you don't see it you are not getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Company, Cons'd., 17 State St., New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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MOTHER *knew best!*

WHEN IT came to buying shirts and wash suits for Junior, she bought Pepperell. For years she's bought sheets, print dresses, as well as a dozen and one cottons, all labeled Pepperell.

And she's right. That name means extra value, quality, economy. And believe me, those things count with an eight-year-old, who is (according to his mother) a chip off the old block. Pepperell Manufacturing Company, 160 State St., Boston, Massachusetts.

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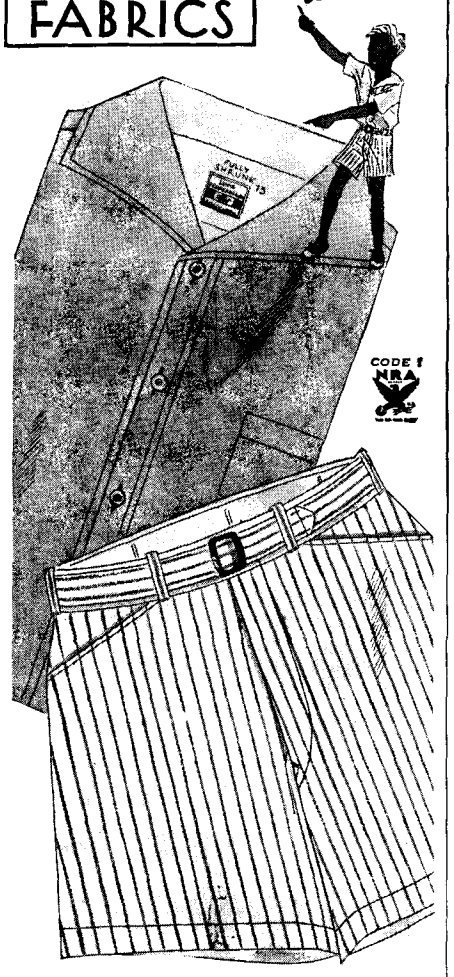
that's all you need to know



PEPPERELL

BOYS' SHIRTS, SHORTS & WASH SUITS

Know all the things marked "Pepperell" that cut down clothing bills—shirts, wash pants, union suits, play clothes—42 things you wear or use. Write for the new "Lady Pepperell's Thrift Book." Know the story complete.

Marriage for Revenue

Continued from page 17

"Don't scare yourself," said Raglan, studying his face anxiously, "because that's a rotten way to start out. We'll never have to put up the million; incidentally, the more you pay the more we'll make."

"Hand me my bill of way," said Tony, springing to his feet. "I'm too dumb to see where you're going, but I know you'll get there. If I don't come back with my part of the bacon, look for a young man who has slit his own throat from ear to ear."

EXACTLY a week later, at ten in the morning, Kit inquired as to whether Mr. Raglan would speak to Mr. Mortimer of Mortimer, Grast & Mortimer or whether he would prefer to make an appointment. He replied with a request that Mr. Mortimer call him up in fifteen minutes. He sent for Allerton and suggested that he sit in on an extension telephone. Promptly on the expiration of the quarter hour Mr. Mortimer was on the wire.

"Congratulations, Larry. What's your asking price?"

"Why waste time?" countered Raglan promptly. "There's only one price and no spread."

"Give me the news."

"A million."

"A million what?"

"Dollars."

"You're joking."

"I never was more serious in my life. We paid half of that and we're entitled to double our money."

"I'll have to consult my principals," said Mr. Mortimer slowly.

"All right with me," said Raglan pleasantly. "I'll give you half an hour to make up your minds."

"Half an hour!" cried Mr. Mortimer. "Listen, Larry, what do you think you've got? I'll tell you—nothing but a nuisance purchase whose actual value is exactly fifty thousand dollars."

"One minute," said Raglan, his features abruptly hardening as if he were face to face with his opponent. "Get this! Once I'm headed the other way I won't turn back, and I'll clean up a lot more than I'm asking you."

"But what other way can you head?" wailed Mr. Mortimer. "You can't hurry us; all you can do is hold the bag until we're ready to fill it."

"You ought to get a job in a kindergarten—as a pupil," said Raglan in his softest tone. "If I don't hear from you inside the half hour I'll go short for as many thousand shares as I can carry and before the close of the market the bottom will have dropped out from under Tungsten common. If you think I'm wrong, let's try it out."

He hung up but continued to sit in readiness beside the telephone. As he expected, Mr. Mortimer promptly called back. "You hung up on me," he stated, aggrieved.

"Sure," said Raglan. "We'd both said all there was to say."

"Not me," said Mr. Mortimer. "You can send over the bonds whenever you like, and the next time we have to talk business I hope I'll be on your side."

Late that afternoon Raglan handed Allerton a check for fifty thousand dollars. "There you are, Tony; what are you going to do with it?"

Allerton stared down at the yellow slip and suddenly scowled. "What does this mean, Larry? Am I fired?"

Raglan laughed. "Not yet. I look on this as a special melon. There's no reason why we shouldn't slice it at once and save time on the bookkeeping. Besides, I'm really curious as to what you're going to do with your cut."

Allerton sank into a chair. "I've got a list of a dozen stocks I've been carrying around for months. I've made one or two changes, but not many. If I could have had this fifty thousand when I first did my picking I'd be worth a fortune today."

"On paper," said Raglan shortly.

Allerton looked up, his attention arrested. "Now, you, Larry. What are you going to do with yours?"

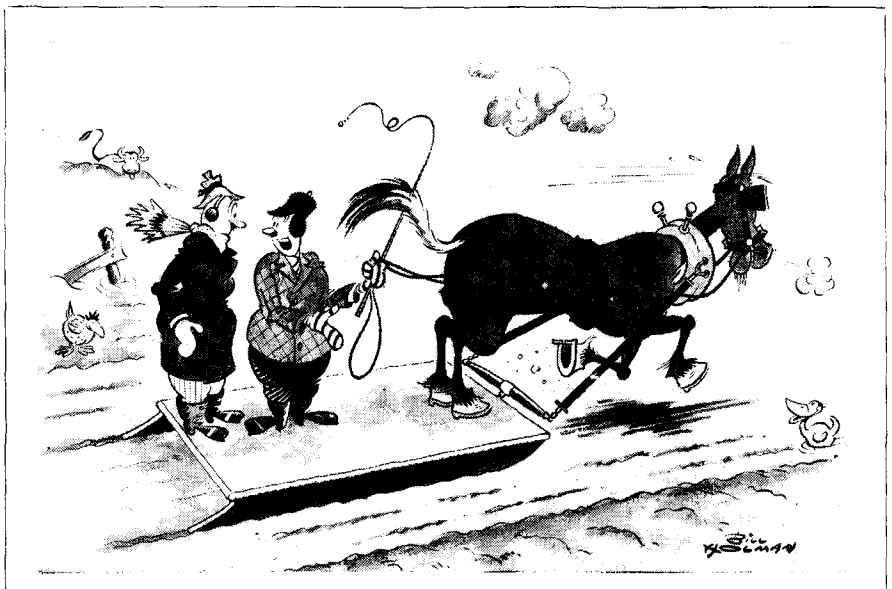
"Me? Oh, I'm an incurable. Bonds—nothing but bonds."

Allerton gazed at him in a kind of dismay. "Bonds? I guess I'm young; I can barely remember when people used to buy them. But if that's what you're going to do, I'll do it too."

ABBOTT was admitted to Eleanor's apartment by a new maid, accurately uniformed but portly enough to insure an atmosphere of respectability wherever she worked. She took his hat and stick in an expert manner, admitted him to the living-room and withdrew, closing the door noiselessly behind her. For an instant he did not see Eleanor, so still was she lying, but when he did catch sight of her he came to a halt in sheer admiration.

"Well?" she questioned at his immobility.

He laughed as he advanced to take a chair near her feet. "Your beauty, my dear," he explained. "It brought me up



"That gives you an idea how lazy the critter is!" *Bill Holman*

A modern idea.... Building resistance while you're well .....instead of waiting until exposure affects you!

It never used to occur to people to take precautions about their health *in advance*. They waited until they were miserable before trying to build up their resistance. They didn't pay any attention to their physical condition at the right time.

Now many of these same people are trying to build up a reserve *in advance* to help carry them safely through this risky time of year.

If *your* resistance is low and you're bothered by exposure, why not begin to increase your physical forces also, a little *every day?*

There's a pleasant, easy way you can do this. With *Squibb Adex Tablets-10 D.*

Squibb Adex Tablets are a concentrate of the valuable factors in halibut and cod-liver oil with Viosterol. The *only* tablets made from all three of these rich vitamin sources, they have unusual protective qualities no other concentrate provides!

Each tablet contains 1500 units of resistance-building Vitamin A and 2450 units of sunshine Vitamin D. And the exclusive method of preparing Adex makes these important vitamin values available to you almost at once.

Begin with Squibb Adex tablets now and take them regularly *every day*. You'll have a far more comfortable winter.

Now at any good drug store—*Squibb Adex Tablets-10 D.* Made by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1848.

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all standing. Incidentally, I know now why you couldn't see me yesterday."

"I wasn't ready to see you," said Eleanor in her even voice.

"Exactly!" exclaimed Abbott.

"No; it wasn't altogether a matter of hairdresser and manicure," said Eleanor. "I mean I hadn't made up my mind whether I'd see you at all."

"That's what I came about," said Abbott, unperturbed, "to explain and ask you to forgive me."

"You amuse me," said Eleanor. "Have you actually thought up an explanation?"

"A good one," he answered. "Do you happen to know where Miss Mulholland is working now?"

"How should I know, if she isn't still in your office?"

"Didn't she tell you? The two of you seemed chummy enough."

"No. We talked about you—not about ourselves."

"She went with Larry. She's his secretary."

"Really?"

"Yes, really; and you know as well as I do that he's probably out to knife me."

"No, Adsit, that's something I don't know. But if you'll change it around, and say you're out to knife Larry, then the thing would sound natural."

"Thanks," said Abbott shortly. "But doesn't it come to the same thing? I want to keep my eye on what he's doing, and if you can think of a better way than giving his secretary a mild rush, I'd like to hear it."

"You're really clever!" said Eleanor admiringly. "By your plan you can keep on playing around with Miss Mulholland as much as you like."

"That's it," said Abbott coolly, but immediately his manner changed. He rose and stood looking down at her, his brows gathered in a frown. "Listen, Ellie; let's get each other straight. I'm yours, and you know it. I'd rather be with you than with any post-deb on earth. I like the way you talk and the way you look. For all your loveliness, and the loveliness of the things you wear, you're common sense from the feet up. But if I'm going to be tagged as your property, then you're going to be tagged as mine. Is that what you want?"

"No," said Eleanor slowly.

"It would actually hurt you a lot more than it would me, wouldn't it?"

"I suppose it would."

"Then wake up. Forget that bunk of my being headed for the altar with Regis Mulholland and tell me how I can get square with her again."

ELEANOR, challenged, frowned in concentration.

"I can see one way out," she said presently. "Why not leave Larry alone? Then you could pick on some other girl as a blind for my protection and forget his secretary."

"Here's the answer to that: I won't. Do you suppose the split of Abbott-Raglan didn't start any talk? It did. To a thousand pairs of eyes Larry and I are in the ring—with a chorus of kibitzer referees calling off the score of the punches! And he's ahead. A couple of days ago he landed with a right to the jaw, and I'm still shaking from the jolt. Do you think I'm going to stand and take it?"

"What sort of a punch?"

"Nothing for you to worry about since it ought to make your alimony safe for quite a while. He got into the crowd I'm with to the tune of a million."

A strange light lit for an instant in Eleanor's eyes as though she were questioning the wisdom of having released Raglan so lightly, but promptly she regained her philosophical attitude.

"What do you want me to do about Miss Mulholland?" she inquired.

"That's what I asked you!" exclaimed Abbott. "You got me in, now get me out."

"All I can advise for the present is that you leave her alone for a while. Let the thing wear off. Before long I'll think of some reason to call her up or see her and I'll manage to put it across that you're not so bad after all."

"You're a good sport, Ellie," said Abbott, seating himself again and relaxing. "I'll follow your lead, except I don't think it would do any harm to shoot her a bushel of flowers."

"No; it wouldn't," said Eleanor, "and that reminds me. I haven't thanked you for the lovely roses and chrysanthemums."

He slipped to the edge of the couch. "Have you missed me?"

Her eyes observed him lingeringly as though she deliberated between further chastisement and the truth. "Lots," she said finally.

HE LEFT her, having engaged to come back to take her out for a late dinner. He went straight to a florist and asked how many dozen carnations a messenger could carry in a single bunch.

"How many, sir?" inquired the clerk with goggling eyes.

"Can he carry ten dozen—twenty?" asked Abbott impatiently.

"Why, yes, sir—why, yes."

"Oh, all right," said Abbott despairingly, "have it your own way. Send all you've got of your finest carnations—not in a box, mind you—to this address." He scribbled on his card and handed it to the clerk.

"Shall we enclose the card, sir?"

Abbott deliberated for a moment. "No; no card and no message." Half to himself he muttered, "Let her guess."

Less than an hour later, just as the two girls were about to go out for their dinner, Regis was dumfounded at receiving as large a bouquet of carnations as was ever delivered in the city of New York. Seeing her stagger, Kit rushed forward to help, and it was she who recovered her senses sufficiently to ascertain from the departing messenger that there was neither card nor message. The two girls stood in the middle of the big room, supporting the huge mass of blooms for a full minute.

"What shall we do?" gasped Regis, recovering herself. "We can't stand here all night."

"Call for help," suggested Kit.

"No," said Regis. "Let's tumble it on the bed."

They did so and went searching for vases, then for receptacles of any and all descriptions. They used everything they had of their own, borrowed from co-lodgers and from Madame Duchanel, but only by recourse to the washbasin were all the flowers assured of a drink of water. Tucked into every available nook and cranny, they seemed to fill the two rooms and even the bath with a fragrant mist.

"Oh!" breathed Kit, "I can't eat. For the first time in years I don't want to eat—just stay here and smell." She caught a puzzled look in Regis' eyes and face. "Who sent them?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said Regis.

It was Kit's turn to frown. "That's nonsense. Even if you don't know you can guess."

"I can't," said Regis. "I've been trying."

"Then I will," said Kit. "Didn't something pretty nice happen in the office a couple of days ago?"

"Not to me."

"You know as well as I do that Mr. Raglan pulled off one of the biggest plays in his whole life."

"What of it?"

"You helped him, didn't you? If it

(Continued on page 44)

YET NEIGHBORS BY TELEPHONE

HAVE you ever enjoyed a telephone visit with a friend or relative in another city? There's a world of satisfaction in it . . . somewhat of a thrill, too, in realizing that your voice is traveling across space with the speed of light, and is being heard as clearly and naturally as though you were at the distant home in person.

Best of all, Long Distance costs so little! During the daytime the rates are low . . . and at night they become lower still. At 7 P.M. many station-to-station rates are reduced about 15%, and at 8:30 P.M. they become about 40% lower than during the daytime.

Under the latter rates, you can talk with friends or relatives 75 miles away for approximately 35 cents; 175 miles, for 55 cents; 300 miles, for 80 cents.

Isn't there some one, somewhere, who would like to hear your voice right now? Why not become a neighbor . . . *by telephone?*

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Turn your handkerchief into a *Vapor-tent* .... and END the misery of

COLDS

Only a VAPOR can reach the hidden air-passages

Your own doctor will tell you that most every cold you've ever had, began in your NOSE. The nasal passages get all clogged up and the membranes way in the BACK of your nose become infected.

That's why it takes a triple-action VAPOR to break through the congestion, relieve the pressure, and stop the sneezing, sniffling and eye-watering.

Millions now use VAPEX because its vapor reaches HIDDEN nose and throat passages *as nothing else can.* It soothes the hot, inflamed tissues. It strengthens the cold-fighting powers of the nose. It helps Nature throw off the cold!

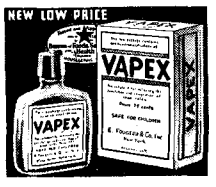
Vapex is not a nose drop

A little VAPEX on a folded handkerchief makes a scientific vapor-tent that *instantly* curbs the nasty symptoms of your cold, and wards off coughing. The pleasant vapor rises as you breathe—nothing to insert in the nose—therefore nothing to leak or irritate.

Only TWO men—the chemists who discovered it during the war—know the VAPEX formula. Yet there are more than 75 imitations on the market. Refuse them—many are worthless.

An application of genuine VAPEX costs but half a cent and keeps its strength for hours.

Get VAPEX from your druggist now and know what it's like to be free from the misery of colds! A handy bottle usually lasts all winter.



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Genuine **VAPEX**

FREE GAUZE CONTAINING VAPEX

Mail this to **Vapex, 93 Watts St., New York City,** and receive several pieces of VAPEXed gauze for use inside your handkerchief. It will prove beyond a doubt what VAPEX can do for nasty colds. Also FREE, new folder giving valuable diet advice and health helps.

Name .....
PLEASE PRINT
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City ..... *State* .....

(Continued from page 43)

hadn't been for the dope you dug out for him, how far could he have got?"

"What are you driving at, Kit?"

"Mr. Raglan. He sent you this carload of flowers."

Regis flushed violently and then turned pale. "That's nonsense—utter and complete nonsense."

"Is it? Then tell me who did. Go down the list of your old beaux, give me a name and his income, and I may believe you. Until then I'm going to think I'm right. Besides, there's something queerer yet—something else."

"There couldn't be anything queerer than your crazy guesses," said Regis shortly. "Let's change the subject, please. Let's go out."

"Couldn't there?" pursued Kit relentlessly. "Then answer this one: Mr. Raglan has been married to Dora for over two weeks. She used to be on the phone a couple of times a day, but since the happy event she hasn't called him once. That's only half of it. He hasn't called her."

REGIS bit her under lip; she was determined never to quarrel with Kit again, but it was all she could do to answer her quietly. "Hasn't it occurred to you that people in love may be talking so much at home it would be absurd to prattle over the wire for the benefit of a little eavesdropper?"

"No, it hasn't," persisted Kit, unoffended, "because that isn't the way the thing works. The more you talk to somebody at night the surer you are to call them up in the morning."

After a restless night Regis awoke with a troubled mind. She was by nature a level-headed person but the advent of the flowers, coupled with the ensuing conversation with Kit, had proved more than enough to shake her equanimity. Though she despised herself for it she had become a prey to curiosity, and not so much about the flowers. By a process of deduction they had only two possible sources and, though both seemed unlikely, each, if true, opened an avenue of speculation.

If Abbott had sent them he had achieved a stroke of imagination of which she would have judged him incapable. On the other hand, if Kit was right and they were to be attributed to Raglan, what did that prove? Merely his genius for a soul-satisfying gesture. But it was not the flowers that had shaken her calm to its newly laid foundations; it was what Kit had disclosed in regard to their employer's incoming and outgoing telephone calls.

Where would she stand if things went wrong between Raglan and Dora? As far as he was concerned she would naturally remain exactly what she had been—a capable secretary. But that was not what her self-question had meant; she should have made it, Where would he stand in her eyes? This way of putting it gave her something to tie to, carrying her back to the terrible night when Dora had sprung out of oblivion to shatter the peace of her new life. Was there any reason the judgment she had passed on Raglan at that time should not hold good now?

She had credited him with gentleness and strength, the attributes of a woman's god, but had decided, if he could really fall for Dora, the strength was merely not there—it couldn't be. Well, he had fallen for Dora—fallen hard enough to marry her in an incredibly short space of time.

Oddly enough, on that particular day, hours elapsed before she was summoned, but she could still say "Good morning, Mr. Raglan," with self-possession.

He was standing at the window, his hands in his pockets, his head bent, his eyes plunged across the graveyard into the chasm of Wall Street. He turned and looked at her curiously, his attention apparently seized by her tone. His face, abnormally grave, immediately brightened.

"You look good to me, Miss Mulholland," he stated.

"Why?" she asked, too astonished to blush.

"There's something solid about you," proceeded Raglan. "Now don't bridle. I don't mean you've put on flesh—in fact, I'd worry about you less if you'd carry more beef. I mean the solidity of stamina, and it does my eyes good." He gave his head a backward toss. "Don't you know what's happening out there?"

"No, sir."

"A world is coming to an end. Fortunes have been wiped out in the last half hour."

"But you're not in it, Mr. Raglan," said Regis.

He sensed the question in her statement and answered it. "In a way I'm not; in another way I am. My friends are in it, lots of them over their heads. I'll have to make up my mind."

"About what?"

"Take a letter—a form letter. No, Peter, I will not—"

"Is this the letter?" asked Regis.

He nodded and began over again. "No, Peter, I will not lend you a blank thousand to push into Paul's pocket. I won't do it because Paul, being as rich as I am, would then be richer while I would not only be poorer but a fool—all with no benefit to yourself. Food, raiment and shelter for you and your family whenever you say and as long as I have it, but no cash."

"Is that all?"

"Yes. I guess it sounds brutal, but I could never see the sense in trying to use an axe gently."

He turned again toward the window, but not as though he were dismissing her. She sat quite still, her mind absorbed not by the crashing market but in a desperate attempt to analyze Raglan himself. Though she had found him abnormally grave, his letter had cleared up at once the source of that gravity. Inwardly he was calm—as calm as ever she had seen him. Instinctively she knew this to be true beyond a doubt. It was even a new sort of calm, as if he stood freer, straighter, than he ever had before. Then nothing could have happened between him and Dora.

"Is that all, Mr. Raglan?"

"Yes," he said without turning. "We won't try to do anything today."

Regis still hesitated. "Did you by any chance send an extraordinary amount of flowers to one address yesterday?" she asked.

"No," said Raglan, apparently incurious. He turned just as she was moving as if to go. "One minute, Miss Mulholland."

HE WENT to his desk, sat down and swiveled the chair to face her, his hands clasped around one bony knee. Immediately she became conscious that she was being examined as she had never been studied before, least of all by him. She was astonished at the steadfastness with which she withstood the scrutiny of his all-observing gaze.

"You're an unusually good-looking girl, Miss Mulholland," said Raglan quietly, "and I don't mean only what's on the surface. There's a lamp inside you, a steady flame. Keep it burning."

Regis was proud of her own calm. "Have I given you any reason," she asked, speaking as quietly as he, "any excuse, for saying a thing like that to me?"

"You have," said Raglan, swinging definitely from her toward his desk. "The only man who plays that trick of bushels of flowers is Adsit Abbott."

(To be continued next week)

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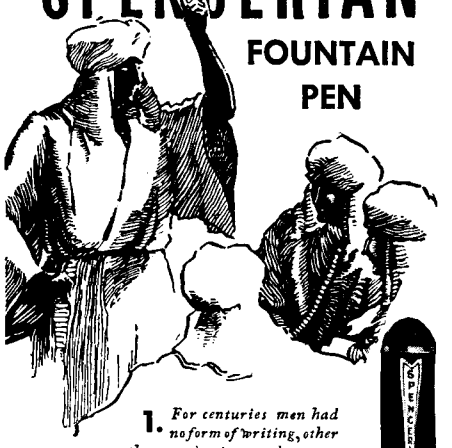

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Ziegfeld and his Follies

Continued from page 25

pages of popular songs. This idea was promptly adopted by every other music publisher, and for a time Buck was so overloaded with work that the strain affected his optic nerves and he became temporarily blind. He gradually recovered his sight, and left for New York.

He teamed up with a young tune writer, Dave Stamper, who is supposed to be the ghost composer of Shine On, Harvest Moon, and they wrote their first song, called In the Cool of the Evening When the Lovin' Am Good. The team of Buck and Stamper wrote a hundred hits together during the life of the partnership and many of their greatest songs appeared in the various Follies.

In 1912 Buck wrote a song called Daddy Has a Sweetheart and Mother Is Her Name. He was sure that this song would land him with the Follies and with Flo. He had an idea for producing the song by showing the seven ages of sweethearts, with a background of apple blossoms. He thought it would be a splendid contract for Lillian Lorraine, who, until that time, had appeared in the Follies only as a flippant show girl on a swing or as a bathing beauty jumping into a pool. He waylaid Flo as he got out of a cab and told him the idea.

"Strike It!"

"What did you ever write before?" asked Flo.

"Nothing," said Buck.

"You've got a lot of nerve trying to break into the Follies," Ziegfeld sneered.

"You need a song like this. It's a novel and refreshing touch for your show," argued Buck.

Zieggy decided to consult his director, Julian Mitchell, who enthused over the idea. So did Lillian Lorraine, but Flo suspended judgment. The jury was always out with him. Finally he brought in a verdict. He would try it.

The Follies dress rehearsal opened in Philadelphia. Erlanger, who ruled not only the Follies, but the entire theatrical world, dominated the rehearsal with the air of a dictator. He seemed to be in a particularly irritable mood as he clamored for the next scene. It was Buck's Daddy song. Lillian Lorraine could not make the change soon enough. She found it hard to insert herself into the bustles. The apple-blossom set took too long to get ready.

"Strike it!" cried Erlanger. "Go to the next thing!"

He had thrown out the whole number without even seeing or hearing it. Buck's brain-child was killed before it was born. The blow stunned him. He appealed to Zieggy.

"It's out," said Flo.

"You don't mean that!" cried Buck. "You can't let that man throw it out without seeing it. It cost $10,000 to produce, it cost me months of labor, it appealed to you. You're supposed to be the great Ziegfeld."

"It's out," was all Ziegfeld would say.

At the time Buck did not understand Ziegfeld's temperament, which inclined him all his life to appear as a rather passive, non-fighting man. "No, it's not out," said Buck. "I'll make you like it yet!"

When the Follies opened that year there was not a song hit in it. Erlanger made Lillian Lorraine quit and Zieggy was broken-hearted. Lorraine came to Buck's humble studio. He was still painting sweetheart covers for popular songs. Lillian begged him to help her—she had been booked for a week at Hammerstein's. This was the chance to try out the song which Erlanger had rejected. To set her properly, Buck and Stamper also wrote a hot tune called Some Boy as a striking contrast to the other. She would go from a pretty bonnet to pretty tights, which was smart showmanship.

With nothing but a black velvet drop, a pink spotlight and Stamper at the piano, Lillian Lorraine stepped out at Hammerstein's and stormed the audience with the force of a thunderclap. Both songs became national hits. Willie Hammerstein promptly extended her engagement from one to four weeks. At that time I had my first job on Broadway with Bedini and Arthur at the same theater.

I never dreamed that at the time I was making my début Ziegfeld was in the audience. He probably didn't know I existed. For he had come to see Lillian Lorraine and sat up in the gallery watching her and crying like a child.

The next day Flo went to Buck's studio. "Gene," he said, "I spent a fortune to put that girl over and you did it with a velvet drop. I want you to do my new Follies."

From then on Buck acted as a kind of check and stabilizer for Flo. He was also one of the first real scouts to go digging for new talent and it was through him that W. C. Fields and I were brought to Zieggy's notice.

Buck went up to Syracuse to see the tryout of Watch Your Step, Irving Berlin's first musical show. Its stars were Irene and Vernon Castle and Frank Tinney. A new comedian, a pantomimist just returned from Australia, also appeared in the show. The scene that impressed Buck most presented two singers, Brice and King, who after their number put a nickel in an automat box, turned the slot and, instead of a sandwich, W. C. Fields came out with his pool table. He then went into his famous comedy juggling act which finished with one stroke of the cue that sent all fifteen balls scurrying into the different pockets. Buck had never seen this comedian before—few others had.

Yes, in Any Language

After the show Gene sat with the late Sime Silverman, publisher of Variety, at a café table next to Dillingham, Irene Castle, and other members of the show. They were discussing certain changes that would have to be made. All Buck could overhear was one persistent remark, "The juggler must go!" The next day was Thanksgiving and Buck felt very thankful for what he had heard. He wrote a note to Bill Fields, saying, "If anything should happen, see me."

A week later Fields appeared at Buck's office and said, "I got your note."

"Would you like to go into the Follies?" inquired Gene.

Fields didn't rely on pantomime. He said very clearly, "I would." And Buck took it up with Flo.

"What does he do?" asked Zieggy with that skeptical tone he always acquired when talking of comics.

"He works with a pool table."

"A pool table in the Follies!" cried Flo. "Why don't you put in a saloon and be done with it?"

"He's very funny," insisted Buck. "Wait till you see him." Zieggy reluctantly agreed to give the pantomime juggler a chance. Fields proved a sensation.

My own introduction to Flo was pecul-

(Continued on page 46)

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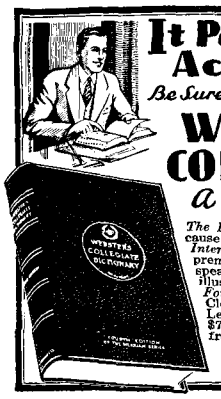

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(Continued from page 45)

iarly haphazard. I was playing at the time in Canary Cottage on the West Coast when my agent, Max Hart, wired me: "This is your big chance. Ziegfeld has booked you for twenty weeks on the New Amsterdam Roof in the new Midnight Frolic." A season with Ziegfeld! The chance of a lifetime! My heart beat a loud tattoo of triumph. I flew on wings of hope across the country. Could it be possible? Twenty weeks—a season—signed in advance! Only after I arrived in New York did I find out that Ziegfeld hadn't signed me at all. My agent, Max Hart, had been so eager to sell me that he didn't bother to get a contract. He counted on my ability to make good. Luckily he was shrewd enough to tell me nothing of this beforehand. He simply hinted that a great deal would depend on my first-night showing.

I went up to the Ziegfeld office around lunch time. I gradually discovered not only that Ziegfeld hadn't signed me, but that he didn't even know me. He not only didn't know me, but he hadn't even agreed to give me a first-night showing. I didn't even have an appointment. It was sheer chance that both Zieggy and Buck were on the roof at the time. Fortunately I was unaware of all this and went up to Flo with self-assurance and said, "Can I see you, Mr. Ziegfeld?"

"What do you want?"

"I'm Eddie Cantor." I thought that answered everything.

He stared at me with a blank look, but Buck intervened: "Oh, yes, your agent spoke to me about you. What do you do?"

Trial Showing

"Oh, I'm marvelous!" I replied. Zieggy and Buck exchanged glances.

"How do you know?" said Flo.

"Why, Mr. Ziegfeld, I wouldn't lie to you!"

"Well, I'd better go to lunch," he said and walked off. I began to sense that everything wasn't as bright as my agent had pictured. Flo had mumbled something to Buck and I felt that he too might leave me, but Buck decided to stay.

"Do you sing?" he asked.

"Sure."

"When would you like to sing?"

"Right now." I took out a lead sheet and Ford Dabney, the colored orchestra leader of the Frolic, who happened to be practicing at the piano, agreed to play the tune. I sang, Oh, How She Could Yacki Hicki Wicki Wacki Woo!

"Very good," said Gene. "What else can you do?"

"I tell jokes. You want to hear one?" I told him this joke: "My father is a nice fellow. He ought to be back soon. After all, no matter how nice you are, you can't work in a bank and bring home samples." Remember, this was 1916.

"What is your style of comedy?"

"I play a colored comedian with white bone-rimmed glasses who is refined and slightly effeminate."

"You're in the show tonight," said Buck. That was my beginning with Ziegfeld.

The New Amsterdam Roof where I made my Ziegfeld début was a unique pleasure center, neither theater nor cabaret, but a blend of both. It was a supper club where it cost a person five dollars just to sit down and a good deal more to get up.

The Passing of a Star

Billie Burke and Florenz Ziegfeld were in the audience. She had recently become a mother. It was the first time that I met Billie Burke. She and Flo had been married for two years. I recalled that shortly before their wedding, in 1914, Miss Burke had made the following statement to the press: "I have no intention of marrying Mr. Ziegfeld nor anyone else, although Mr. Ziegfeld is a very charming man."

The same week, on Saturday afternoon, April 11th, after her matinée performance in Jerry at the Lyceum, a limousine stood waiting at the door of the theater. In it were Ziegfeld's father and mother and Miss Burke's mother. Flo escorted Billie from the stage door of the Lyceum to the car, and they drove to Hoboken, New Jersey, where they were married in a Lutheran church.

Anna Held was then appearing in Baltimore, still under Flo's management, and when Gene informed her of the marriage her only comment was, "Ziegfeld is a ve-ry good manager."

After that Anna Held retired from the stage for a few years and settled in Paris, but later on she returned to America to make her last vaudeville tour under Shubert management. It was during this tour that she was stricken with a very rare and fatal disease called "myeloma"—a spongy condition of bone tissue which reduced her normal weight of a hundred and fifteen pounds to eighty.

She died August 12, 1918, at the age of forty-five. Funeral services for her were held at St. Patrick's Cathedral and a cortége of thousands followed her bier. She was not buried in Paris, as some believe, but in the Gate of Heaven Cemetery, White Plains, New York. There stands a modest but beautiful monument to the gayest and most charming spirit of light entertainment. Among the many flowers at her funeral there was one floral piece with a card marked, "From Flo."

The fourth of this series of articles will appear in next week's Collier's.

"These are the biceps, son" *William Steig*

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Our Soiled Cities

Continued from page 13

neighborhoods. Consequently a greater prevalence of pneumonia and certain other diseases is found therein; and the morale of slum-dwellers and their interests in their own lives and welfare and in civic matters are low. Smog is the friend of futility, of the 'blues.' If you don't clean up New York's air, as part of the rehousing scheme, its slums will never stay cleaned up."

Time was, not more years ago than you can remember, when you could excite no more than a benign chuckle from your Park Avenue uncle by flaying the morals of his adopted city; but if you dared insinuate that its air was less than crystal pure he would scratch your name from his will. New Yorkers were envied by provincials for their ability to wear shirts or shirtwaists three days and celluloid collars or muslin guimpes a whole fortnight. Alas, came the dark; the great anthracite strike of early ante-bellum days, bringing a winter in which New Yorkers burned in their furnaces everything and anything from old love letters to broken phonograph records in an effort to keep warm. Phoebe Snow's famous coal was scarce.

It was then New York home and apartment owners learned they could burn soft coal—and live. Then, also, the first of the doofunnies for converting your coal furnace into an oil burner appeared; say what you please, the first types of conversion burners were not efficient and half your oil went up the chimney to come down in your neighbor's hair. The latest types—those are a different story, but everybody does not own one of the latest types. Anyhow, very soon it got so you could not tell where Harlem left off and the Bronx began. Recently the American Society for Testing Materials solemnly labeled New York's present air "industrial" in type, as corrosive and blighting as that of any steel or mining town.

New York is not alone in its predicament. The overhead sewer is spreading rapidly to many centers historically clear. The government has had to increase by threes and sixes the appropriations for cleaning the Capitol in Washington; even so, the huge dome usually wears a skullcap of tarry grime and irreverent tourists have been overheard comparing it to a paunchy monk drowsing beside a kraut vat.

Pittsburgh Loses First Place

Three years ago the average deposit of solid products of combustion upon Pittsburgh was nearly a thousand tons per square mile; in the Woods Run district of the city it tallied 2,319 tons. Yet Pittsburgh, mind you, is not first on the list of our soiled towns; Kansas City and others outsoot it. Most of us who grew up in other parts of the United States may have had, before we reached the second grade, an imperfect idea of Pittsburgh's geographical relationships. But "Smoky City" meant things to us. It meant, besides Honus Wagner, a place where every prospect pleased fast-ball pitchers; a park where you did not have to smack the apple over the fence to make a home run, but just tap a high fly and they'd lose it in the murk, just as players on fairer greens lost them in the sun, and when it came down they couldn't tell it, anyway, from the chunks of coal lying around the outfield.

Practically all of our American cities pay more for smoke than for political incubi; the latter vary in pocket-picking talents and in daring, but these qualities in smoke are universally high. "Studies made in Pittsburgh some years ago," Mr. Meller told me, "convinced us that we were safe in estimating the cost to each man, woman and child in the city at about fifteen dollars each year. Later investigations, soundly made, in other places—among them, New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, Salt Lake City, Boston and Baltimore—varied from ten to thirty dollars per capita. Cleveland estimated a loss ranging as high as eighty dollars to each family living therein, and the compiler added that if his figures were to be multiplied by two they might strike nearer the truth. And we have just received, here at Mellon Institute, a private communication from a national business research association expressing the opinion that all the foregoing approximations, old and recent, are far too low."

A Hundred Millions a Year

Give your attention now to Dr. Thomas Darlington, who for nearly thirty years has been fighting the good fight against air pollution and smoke in New York City.

"One hundred million dollars a year!" Doctor Darlington told me. "That is how much smoke costs the city of New York. In addition, it has virtually enslaved our women. That heavy layer of soot on your windowsills every morning represents, for the poor housewives, longer hours at the washtubs; more time at the washbasins with the children. For the housewives in moderate circumstances—who formerly could afford a maid but because of the depression have to do their own work now—it means less time for cultural opportunities. It means a greater part of the budget going for cleaning and repairing; less with which to keep themselves attractive. It means tired bodies and jagged nerves when husbands come home at night; and thus more nervous diseases, domestic maladjustments, divorces."

Except for aggregate costs, all these items are as true of Covington, Virginia, and of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and Omaha, Nebraska, as they are of New York. And the fighting doctor did not take enough time to give you half the picture. There is, for example, the cost, to home owner and industrialist alike, of fuel wastage due to careless methods of fire-making and, consequently, incomplete combustion. Analyses of sootfall made by Mellon Institute revealed thirty-two per cent of combustible matter; pointedly, a large preventable loss. Someone has figured that in England two million tons of fuel are lost annually through escape in smoke. Your shopping costs you more because of the expense to which stores, large and small, are put to protect and to clean their stocks. Despite the universal store custom of drawing sheets over counters at night, the loss to retailers in New York's mid-town averages nearly $50,000 a year; to great department stores it is, of course, vastly larger.

If you own your own home you are smoke's favorite sucker. Not only because of the corrosive effects of the sulphur acids in soot upon metal roofs, eaves-troughs and stone work, not only because of their quick destruction of paint—the reputations of more than one sterling manufacturer of honest paints have been foundered in recent years by the soot barrage—but chiefly because of its swift depreciation

(Continued on page 48)

I'LL admit I used to buy the most expensive brands of tobacco... But along came Old Man Depression and whispered in my ear: "Don't be snobbish . . . extravagance isn't fashionable any more!"

So I bought a tin of Union Leader for a dime. And believe it or not I have never tasted a sweeter smoke . . . It's Kentucky Burley, smooth as an old wine, and just as carefully aged. When 10¢ buys a man's sized tin of such tobacco... why should I pay more? (Mighty fine for cigarettes, too.)

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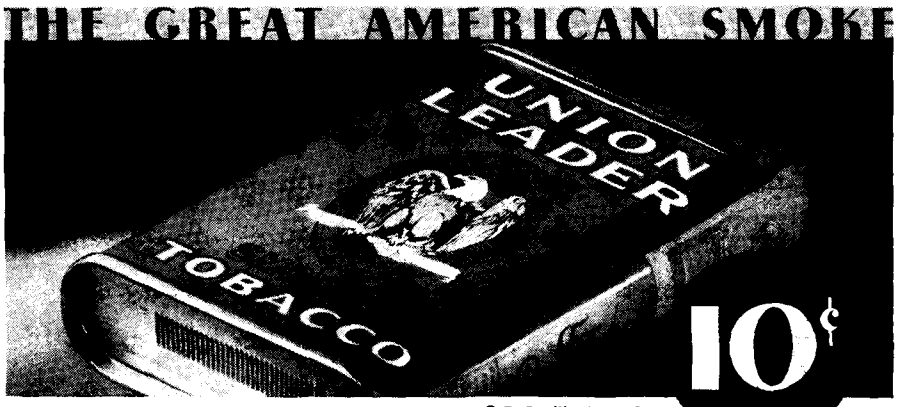

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(Continued from page 47)

of your property's value. In Philadelphia, some years ago, assessors marked down hundreds of parcels of property in the 24th and 44th wards as much as two thousand dollars each, because of the smoke nuisance.

Study the flowers in your window-boxes, the shrubs in your back yard, if you want to determine whether the air of your city is polluted. Plants are the guinea pigs of atmospheric hygiene. Tar in soot draws a waterproof, air-proof and lightproof film over the leaves so that the plants choke to death; and, if that isn't enough, sulphuric acid poisons them.

All buildings of stone are disfigured and begrimed by smoke, giving their city a dirty face, and making necessary frequent, costly and injurious cleaning. The majority of office buildings are of limestone, and the effect of polluted air thereon is more severe. Look at the office building in which you work; if it has been up any length of time you will undoubtedly see pockmarks, chunks gone, especially at the corners, as though someone made free with a hammer. Living stone has "sap"—water, which rises to the surfaces and evaporates after the stone is quarried or "killed." The dried-out stone will shrink if left to stand: if placed on the job while green, this shrinking helps to distend the interspaces.

Consider What You Breathe

The "sap," passing from the interior of the rock to the surface, carries with it all the mineral substances that the stone contains. These, when the water reaches the air and evaporates, are left behind on the surface of the stone where they form a hard coating or outer shell. Sand-blasting or any other form of abrasive cleansing removes this surface and exposes the comparatively soft inside to weather; it is as though your dentist were to grind the enamel from your teeth, leaving only the pulp to withstand the effects of mastication.

"Throughout the nation we regulate and closely supervise food and water supplies," Doctor Darlington remarked. "There is no treasure in the world more zealously guarded than the purity of the milk supply of New York—and of other communities. Then why should not the forces of law and of public opinion compel expert supervision of the air supply—a staple fully as concrete as food or water?

"We take care that contaminated food must not reach our mouths. But contaminated air enters it readily and continually. About fifty varieties of disease-producing microörganisms may find snug harbor in your mouth. These germs do not float or fly or move through the air by means of self-locomotion. They ride. Each microbe is a pilot, each dust mote is a plane. Uncountable legions fly in a cubic foot of smoke. The smoke and fumes and dust irritate the nose and throat and sinuses, and then the germs take hold.

The products of combustion also irritate the eyes and ears, the respiratory tract, the bronchial tubes, the gastro-intestinal area. In the lungs the carbon particles become imbedded and in time the lungs change from natural pink to black. I could give you an impressive list of health disturbances in which the influence of polluted air is known or at least suspected."

It is in pneumonia that smoke's influence falls most disastrously. Pneumonia ranks first, in the industrial United States, in the list of acute communicable diseases as a cause of death. It takes vigorous men and women in the most useful and productive years of their lives. There is a striking parallel between smokiness of cities and higher pneumonia mortality. Having coated the lungs, soot obstructs their natural drainage processes, which are essential for victory in a patient's fight against pneumonia. "Some day," warns the Department of Public Health of Pittsburgh, "we shall all realize that polluted air is as great a health menace as polluted water."

Cleaning the air of the United States might do as much to reduce pneumonia as cleaning the water did practically to banish typhoid. Moreover, it would let through more sunlight, one of the most valiant of the microbe fighters. Lack of a natural quota of sunlight favors rickets. Government tests made in downtown New York showed that the average percentage over a year of loss of light due to smoke haze in the atmosphere was 26.2 on clear days and 38.2 on cloudy days. This screening away from us of healthful rays does things to your naturally sweet disposition, too.

Researches in this country show that employees are less efficient in murky weather by ten per cent and upward. In London the Bank of England has a regulation that its folks must work at less intricate and important problems when the fog comes.

"There is not in the United States a city, large or small," Mr. Meller told me, "in which the air cannot be cleansed. The trouble—as I have observed it in many visits to many communities—is that citizens, distracted by the grime and the petty ruination in their own homes and by the sight of their beautiful public buildings growing dirtier day by day, want a single prescription that will wipe out the soot and banish the smoke clouds miraculously overnight."

"Anyone who is patient can start a fire without smoke by using first a little paper, well pulled apart," Dr. Darlington says, "plus kindling. Then a heavier kindling. In each step make sure that combustion of the last fuel is well under way—flaming briskly, *hot*—before you put on new. Make sure that there is a good draft. Thus you build up heat, the most important thing to quick and smokeless combustion, and when you put on the coal it is quickly ignited. If you have an oil burner, it should provide *for preheating of the fuel.* Feeding cold oil to your burner blows dollars up your chimney.

"Our chief difficulty is the lack of conscience among people who should know better. Owners, for instance, of large apartments who, to save a little money and to get along with fewer employees, throw into their incinerators all the solid rubbish that should be collected for carting to the municipal disposal plants. They know old rubbers and carpets and such trash make illegal smoke, so they wait until dark nights to burn it, knowing our inspectors cannot see the smoke. It's on your windowsills and bed linens in the morning. Our smoke bureau inspectors work early, 5 A. M. onward; and late, 5 P. M. onward, for these are the hours of greatest violation."

The Worst Offenders

Because of Doctor Darlington's point that air pollution must interest and affect you, wherever you live, it is doubly interesting to return to Pittsburgh now for Mr. Meller's ideas on what can be done to correct this. "In the past generation," he says, "anti-smoke ordinances of one sort or another have been passed in about 125 cities, in this country, of 30,000 or more population. Conditions generally, in those communities, have improved as regards visible smoke. The electrification of railroads has aided, too. Unfortunately most existing ordinances are restrictive—disciplining those who produce smoke—rather than

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preventive, educating people how to avoid making smoke. Another drawback is that most city ordinances specifically exempt the small-home owner from their provisions.

"To frame ordinances seeking control of city air pollution but not to require the individual home owner to live up to them is just about as sensible as telling unarmed natives that now the jungle is safe—we've killed the elephants—saying nothing about the tigers and cobras. A chemist who has studied the air over a certain metropolis for five years insists that most of its pollution is from small buildings and private homes.

"My own experience shows that large fuel consumers are by no means the worst offenders; their engineers have a clear picture of the wastage involved and work for efficient, which is smokeless, combustion. Such firms know that the expenditures necessary to accomplish their purpose will be returned with good interest, in lowered fuel cost. Here in Pittsburgh is one corporation that spent more than a million dollars to conform with the anti-smoke ordinance in its local plants and was completely satisfied with the results in improved combustion; and that is only one of many instances that might be cited. In Detroit complaint was made to the city smoke bureau that ashes and partly burned fuel from a factory were clogging all the eaves-troughs in the vicinity. The smoke bureau showed the factory owner how he could stop this by the use of automatic stokers and a screening device; he did so, at a cost of $48,000, which he soon got back in fuel economy plus good will.

"I'd like to emphasize that, while new ordinances should be drafted to take advantage of the practical possibilities that have been developed in recent years through scientific research, great immediate improvement in present conditions can be achieved by education, without undue expense. The small-home owner should know what fuel to use and how to make and take care of his fire. The industrialist who does not have returns that he believes will justify outlay at once for needed new equipment should be sure that he is using a fuel that will not cause his stacks to soot up the neighborhood, and that his firemen are schooled in the best methods of firing. Under present-day methods of financing such installations, automatic fuel-feed devices to provide for efficient combustion, and means to separate the solids from the escaping gases, can be installed and, in most cases, paid for out of savings. The expanding use of electrical precipitation or mechanical collection of stack dust has introduced into industrial science a new waste product to be utilized. A rubber concern is now experimenting with the use in automobile tires of the solid particles screened from the products of combustion of pulverized coal; others are at work to find commercial uses for the anticipated large tonnage of material that now is permitted to pollute the air.

Control from the Start

"Here is a program that in my judgment will enable any city to clean up its air: The community publicly shall register a clear-cut intent to attain hygienically pure air and win majority support for a graduated approach to this objective. Ordinance provisions permitting dense smoke and exempting private dwellings from regulation shall be canceled. The work divides itself into two parts, emergency and long-term. The former, being immediate, will encourage the use of electricity or fuels most easily burned without smoke. At the same time, expert advice on firing technique will be made available to all who are under economic compulsion to use fuels which now are not being burned smokelessly. Thus control will exist from the start and faulty combinations of fuel and equipment will be remedied.

"The permanent program picks up all the value gained in the emergency step and carries it further with scientific accuracy. It includes a survey of all fuel-burning equipment in the community, and is supported by a flexible ordinance that makes approval of heating and power equipment a part of the building permits, and which empowers the proper city department to be staffed and instrumented for measurements of community-wide or sectional smoke, dust and deleterious gases. Such factual information will be used in applying the 'rule of reason' to air pollution abatement regulations.

"A thorough clean-up of an entire smoke-producing district requires uniformity of action regardless of city or even state lines. City bureaus of smoke regulation will become bureaus of air hygiene. Such bureau should be in charge of one who is experienced in the various phases of the control of air pollution from the combustion of fuel, and he must be let severely alone by politics. Above all, the ordinance must be practical—you cannot force things down American throats—but should be sufficiently flexible so that advantage can be taken of the advances that will be made from time to time in the design of fuel-burning equipment, the processing of fuels, and the separation of dust.

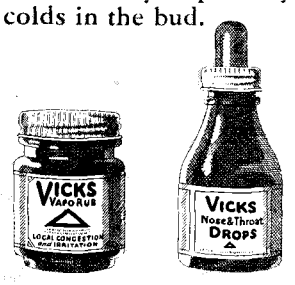
A Look at the Future

"The 'White City' is inevitable. Changes in architectural design plainly indicate this. The development of air conditioning is another index. Right now, the outdoor air pollution is creating complications for the manufacturers of air conditioning devices. They have to make the filter parts of their installations oversize to take care of smoke-fog conditions and the excessively gummy chimney emissions in many residential districts. Gases from incomplete combustion act corrosively on metal connected with air conditioning systems. As the outdoor air pollution is lessened and more and more air conditioning plants are installed, a new body of converts to pure air will become vocal. Having learned the advantages of conditioned air in their homes and work places, having enjoyed treated indoor air not conducive to colds and other discomforts caused by smoke irritation, people will demand an equally safe and healthful atmosphere on their streets and in their parks. They will bring irresistible pressure to bear upon the authorities.

"Other things will happen. Anthracite—contrary to anything you may have been told, there is an abundant supply of anthracite, or hard coal, which burns clear and hot and throws off no smoke and a minimum of particles—and other solid fuels will be pulverized or gasified at some mines and forced through pipe lines to cities, just as natural gas is today. At other mines, which have adequate water supplies near by, electricity can be generated and transmitted hundreds of miles to run subway lines and to light cities. But right now, today, with the facilities and the knowledge we have, without overburdening private dwellings, trade or industry, the atmospheric sewer over our heads can be cleaned up. Public interest, coöperation of the medical and engineering professions, good will of industrialists and the sincerity of municipal authorities are needed; and, I believe, available and waiting only to be rallied. Then we shall achieve clean air in our American cities, and it will be one of our greatest national assets."

IF *you have a cold:*—use Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Through the skin, it "draws out" soreness. Its soothing vapors clear air-passages. All night long, VapoRub's poultice-vapor action works to relieve the cold.

If you're catching a cold: At that first warning sign—use Vicks Nose & Throat Drops, the new aid in *preventing* colds. They soothe irritation—stimulate Nature's defense. They nip many colds in the bud.



Guard yourself and family against the danger and worry of colds—follow Vicks Plan for better *Control* of Colds. Full details of the Plan in each Vicks package.

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Mr. Geo. P. Welsh of Ohio ~

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Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*

It's Your Money

BACK in 1917 as a government we owed less than three billion dollars. During the next two years we borrowed twenty-three billions to fight Germany.

When the war was over we started to pay our debts. We did pretty well as a government. Between 1920 and 1930 we reduced our national debt to the tune of a billion a year.

In 1931 we had to borrow again. During the past three years we have borrowed more than six billions. Once more our national debt is over twenty-three billions.

This is a large sum. It is not a dangerously large debt so long as we intend to pay it and make practical provision for paying it. There are men in Congress and outside who talk about debt repudiation and debt evasion. They speak glibly of tricky schemes for avoiding debt payments. Some would merely print money and compel creditors to accept the cheap paper. Others have more complicated schemes. The only danger in our debts is in the dishonorable methods suggested to escape paying them.

Our national debt increased because during these three years the government did many things which ordinarily we do privately for ourselves.

With most of the purposes for which the government has borrowed few quarrel. Nearly everybody approves of road building. The majority certainly approve of the loans of the R. F. C. to various institutions. There is some opposition to building waterways to compete with railroads. Except where new facilities to compete with existing facilities are undertaken, there is, however, little opposition to federal financing.

Many of the new loans won't have to be repaid through taxes. The self-liquidating loans will be repaid by industry. Money lent to banks, railroads and insurance companies for the greater part will come back. In the long run this debt burden will not be borne by the taxpayers.

The outright gifts by the federal government to states, cities and other smaller governmental units must of course be paid for out of taxes. Even this is not a net increase in the tax burden for the reason that in these matters the load has been shifted. If Washington did not provide the money it would have come from the states and from private charity. On the whole, the expenditures by Washington have been quite as prudent as the expenditures by state or local governments.

So far there is no reason to fear what has been done. There is every reason to insist that arrangements be made to pay honestly the debts incurred. The temptation to do otherwise is great. It is presented in attractive form by those who talk about redistributing the wealth of the nation.

Honesty is, however, not only the best but also the cheapest policy for governments as well as individuals. Where governments have dishonored their obligations, the costs have always been exceedingly large. The explanation is very simple. Governments continue to require new loans. After a repudiation or default, higher interest rates have to be offered. The Russian government now is offering to pay seven per cent interest to Americans who will buy Soviet bonds and on demand to repay the loans in gold after twelve months. The seven per cent interest rate and the inability of the Russians to obtain large loans for productive purposes are direct consequences of the repudiation of Russia's foreign debt, announced immediately after the Bolshevist revolution.

We have experimented with debt repudiation in this country. The number of states which have dishonored their bonds is appallingly large.

Mississippi is a curious example of how far political passion can go. In 1838 Mississippi borrowed $5,000,000, mostly from English investors, to pay for 50,000 shares of stock in the Union Bank. Within two years the bank failed and a year later the governor recommended repudiation. Finally in 1875 a clause was written into the constitution forbidding forever the payment of that debt.

Other states—Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, North and South Carolina and Tennessee—repudiated their obligations. In almost every case the bonds repudiated were issued to pay for banks or railroads or similar enterprises. When these financial ventures proved unprofitable, public opinion turned against them. Then politicians, scenting a popular cause, advocated repudiation.

Almost without exception, the loans which have been repudiated were imprudently made.

Examine as you will the record of defaulted bonds and mortgages on farm lands, city real estate and on railroads, and the same condition is apparent. Unfounded hopes were capitalized.

If we retain our wits and our integrity we shall resist the temptation to increase our national debt by making large unproductive expenditures. Self-liquidating loans for genuinely productive purposes are desirable and essential. Loans which add little or nothing to the productive capacity of the nation menace our credit as a people and sow the seeds of future disaster.

Inevitably the taxes required to pay interest and to amortize the government loans will be large for some years to come. Interest rates can be successfully lowered if government credit is unimpaired. Low interest rates reduce mightily the tax bill.

The sooner Congress makes clear its determination to support the President in restricting governmental expenditures to purposes which it is clear the sober judgment of the American people will continue to approve, the quicker recovery will become complete. We are well on the high-road to health. Confidence based on an exhibition of character and good sense will carry us forward.

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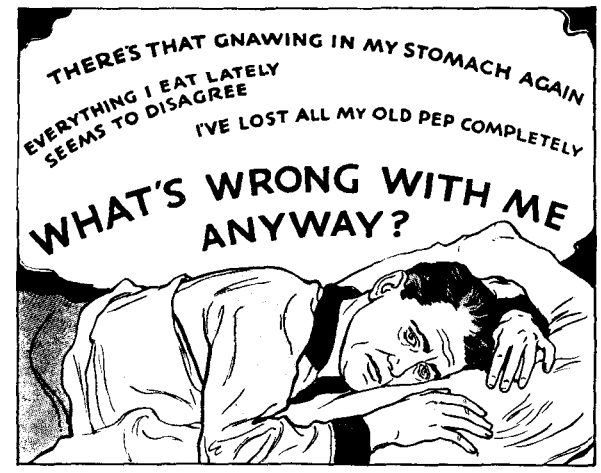
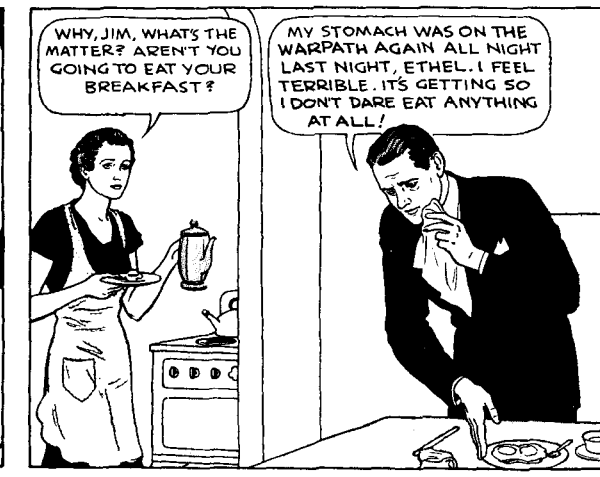
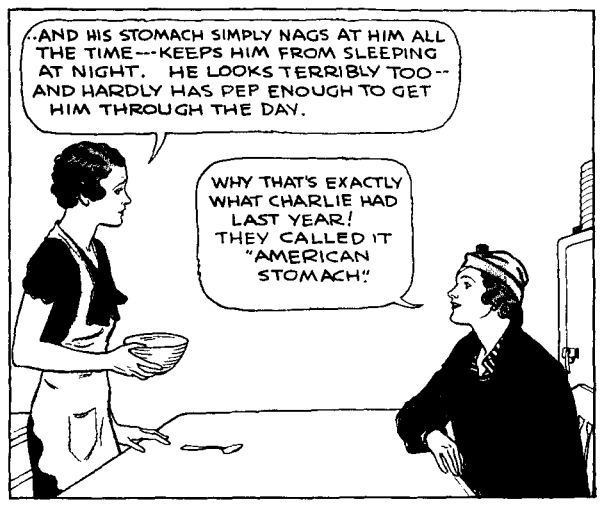
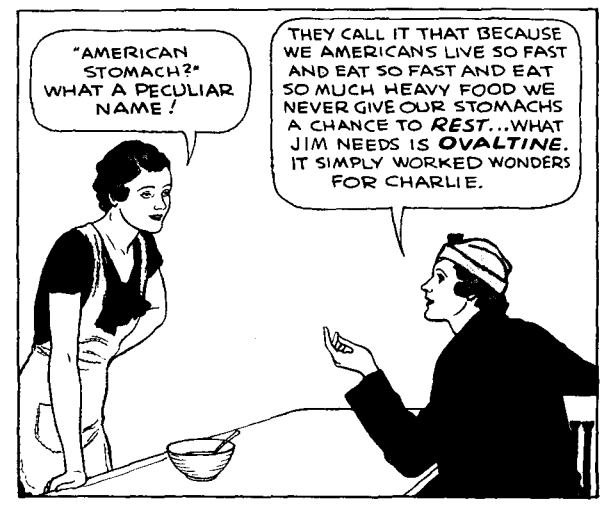
THE STRANGE CASE of Jim BRIGGS

He Had "AMERICAN STOMACH" -The Modern Ailment That's Worrying So Many People Today

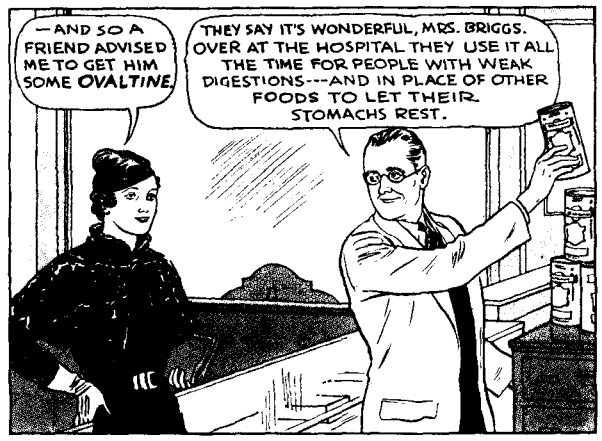

THERE'S THAT GNAWING IN MY STOMACH AGAIN
EVERYTHING I EAT LATELY SEEMS TO DISAGREE
I'VE LOST ALL MY OLD PEP COMPLETELY
WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME ANYWAY?


WHY, JIM, WHAT'S THE MATTER? AREN'T YOU GOING TO EAT YOUR BREAKFAST?
MY STOMACH WAS ON THE WARPATH AGAIN ALL NIGHT LAST NIGHT, ETHEL. I FEEL TERRIBLE. IT'S GETTING SO I DON'T DARE EAT ANYTHING AT ALL!


..AND HIS STOMACH SIMPLY NAGS AT HIM ALL THE TIME---KEEPS HIM FROM SLEEPING AT NIGHT. HE LOOKS TERRIBLY TOO--AND HARDLY HAS PEP ENOUGH TO GET HIM THROUGH THE DAY.
WHY THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT CHARLIE HAD LAST YEAR! THEY CALLED IT "AMERICAN STOMACH"


"AMERICAN STOMACH?" WHAT A PECULIAR NAME!
THEY CALL IT THAT BECAUSE WE AMERICANS LIVE SO FAST AND EAT SO FAST AND EAT SO MUCH HEAVY FOOD WE NEVER GIVE OUR STOMACHS A CHANCE TO REST...WHAT JIM NEEDS IS OVALTINE. IT SIMPLY WORKED WONDERS FOR CHARLIE.

OVALTINE? YOU MEAN THAT SWISS FOOD-DRINK YOU HEAR SO MUCH ABOUT THESE DAYS?
YES—IT'S SIMPLY MARVELOUS THE WAY IT HELPS YOUR STOMACH WHEN IT'S TIRED OR OVERWORKED. AND WHAT'S MORE IT HELPS YOU SLEEP AT NIGHT--YOU REALLY OUGHT TO GET A CAN FOR JIM TO TRY TODAY!


—AND SO A FRIEND ADVISED ME TO GET HIM SOME OVALTINE.
THEY SAY IT'S WONDERFUL, MRS. BRIGGS. OVER AT THE HOSPITAL THEY USE IT ALL THE TIME FOR PEOPLE WITH WEAK DIGESTIONS---AND IN PLACE OF OTHER FOODS TO LET THEIR STOMACHS REST.

THAT NIGHT..
IT'S SURE A GREAT IDEA, HONEY--THIS CUTTING OUT RICH FOODS AND HAVING A LIGHT MEAL WITH OVALTINE INSTEAD. MY STOMACH HASN'T BOTHERED ME ALL EVENING.
YES, DEAR--AND WHAT'S MORE, MABEL SAYS IT WILL HELP YOU GET TO SLEEP--SO HURRY ALONG TO BED.

NEXT MORNING
GEE, HONEY, I FEEL LIKE A MILLION THIS MORNING! SLEPT LIKE A LOG—AND MY STOMACH HASN'T FELT AS GOOD IN MONTHS.
WELL, I'M CERTAINLY GOING TO PHONE MABEL AND TELL HER HOW WELL HER ADVICE HAS STARTED TO WORK ALREADY!

LATER..
SAY, YOUNG MAN--YOU SEEM TO BE DOING PRETTY WELL FOR A MAN WHO'S ALWAYS COMPLAINING ABOUT HIS STOMACH.
THAT WAS "YESTERDAY." I'VE FORGOTTEN I EVER HAD A STOMACH SINCE I STARTED GIVING IT A REST BY DRINKING OVALTINE.

FUNNY HOW DIFFERENT THE WHOLE WORLD LOOKS THESE DAYS, HONEY. I FEEL LIKE A DIFFERENT PERSON.
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MARVELOUS IT IS TO HAVE YOU LIKE THIS AGAIN, JIM. IT'S LIKE TURNING BACK THE CLOCK TO WHEN WE WERE FIRST MARRIED--THANKS TO OVALTINE.

Just Do This . . . To Let Your Stomach "Rest"

OVALTINE is a delicious, pure food concentrate originally developed in Switzerland—and already approved by over 20,000 physicians.

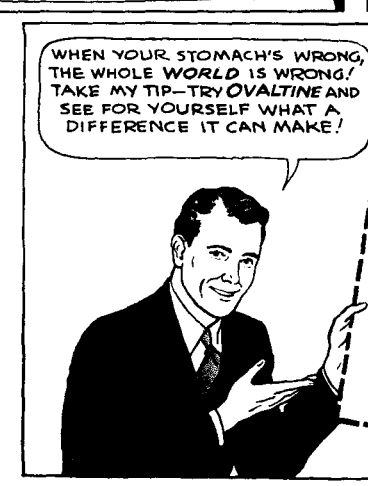
It furnishes concentrated nourishment in a form that digests almost without effort—even when digestion is impaired. Thus acting to lighten the digestive demand on a stomach that's over-taxed or "tired."

So—when your stomach is "tired" or out of sorts—as a result of eating too much or too fast, or as a result of over-work—give it the rest it needs. Cut down on heavy, over-rich foods—let Ovaltine take their place. For Ovaltine—used according to directions—is practically a complete food in itself.

So all you do is—simply take Ovaltine mixed with warm milk with, or at the end of every meal. Then take another cup of it at night just before going to bed.

Do this faithfully every day—and then take stock in a week or two. See how much better your stomach *feels* and *acts*. Note, too, how much more restfully you sleep at night—how vitality multiplies.

Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine now. Or send the coupon at the right for the sample that's offered here.


WHEN YOUR STOMACH'S WRONG, THE WHOLE WORLD IS WRONG! TAKE MY TIP—TRY OVALTINE AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A DIFFERENCE IT CAN MAKE!

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THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. 1A-C
180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine.

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Address .....

City ..... State .....

(One package to a person) 1046

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Chesterfield—
I enjoy them a lot

...to me they're MILDER
...to me they TASTE BETTER
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